This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

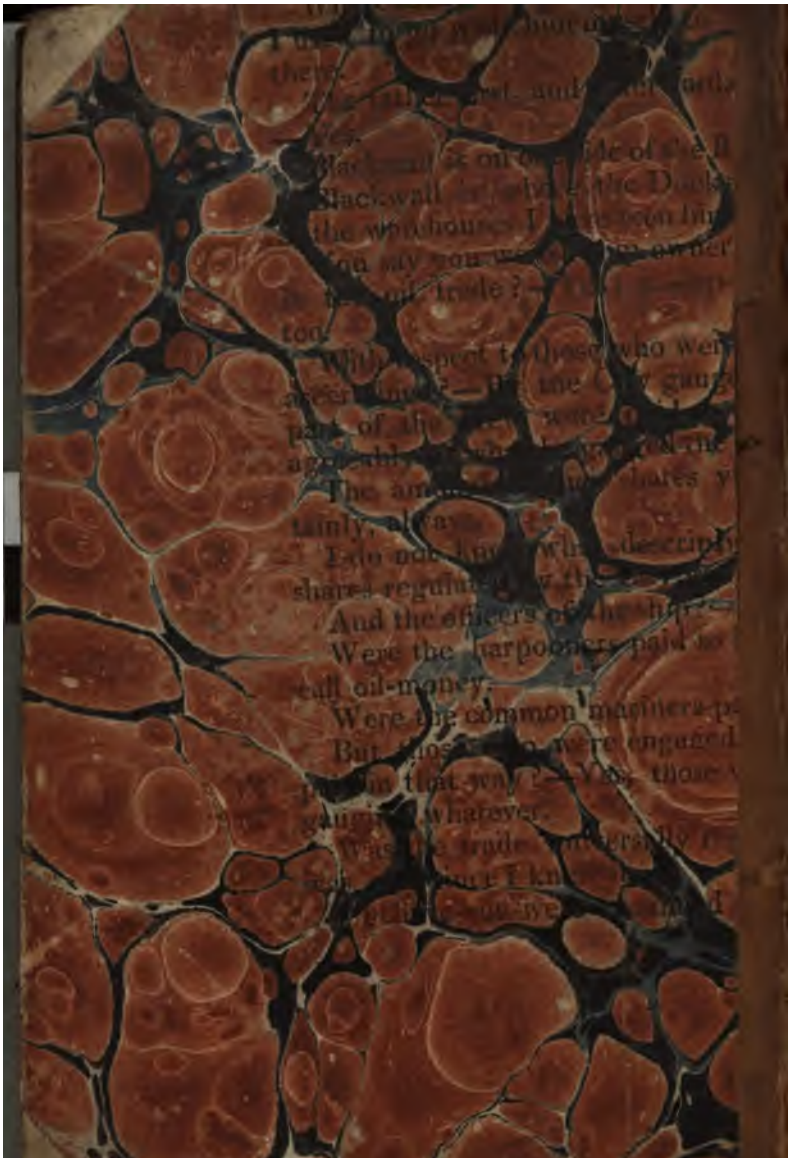
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



35.

This Book belongs to

ROWLEY'S

Circulating Library,

EDMONTON.

For the accommodation of Subscribers, please to return this as soon as read.

N. B. Particular notice is taken of the Books when lent out, and when they are returned; and if any volume is lost, wrote in, or the leaf of any volume torn or damaged while in the possession of a reader, that volume, or if it belongs to a set, the set shall be paid for by the person so injuring the same.

BOOK BINDING

in all its Branches.

STATIONERY AND PERFUMERY.

Fancy Goods and Paper, &c.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

VOL. III.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in
Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXIII.

249. e. 8.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

CHAP. I.

WE had hardly left Seville, when we took a fancy to ſee Cordova, formerly the ſeat of the Mooriſh kings. We accordingly kept along the banks of the Guadalquiver, until we arrived at that royal city, ſeventy-two miles North-Eaſt of Seville.

Cordova is a fine, large city, containing fourteen thouſand families. It is the ſee of a biſhop, has a noble univerſity, and a good trade in wine, ſilk, and gilt leather.

The country about it is delightful, being watered by the Guadalquivir. There groves of citrons, oranges and pomegranates perfume the air, and every thing invites to the ſofter pleaſures.

The beauty of the palaces, and the magnificence of the grand Moſquita, ſtruck us with admiration. As we were at table, and deſigned after dinner to take a view of this noble ſtructure, Cœurleon ſaid to Meleſinda, From this fabrick, which we are going to viſit, we may learn

learn the magnificent taſte of the Moors.

The Moors, anſwered Meleſinda, ſeem to have been an extraordinary people, and to have excelled other nations of their time in arts and ſciences. As there are ſo many things in Spain, that relate to them, I ſhould take it as a favour, if you would write me at your leiſure a ſhort account of them. I have it ready done to your hand, replied the baron Swenitz (for we had given him that title ſince our being in Spain.) With that he took out of a little ſhagreen caſe the following extracts or memorandums.

The Goths, a northern people, who had made themſelves maſters

of Spain after the fall of the Roman empire, were deprived of their kingdom by the Moors (for ſo the Saracens of Africa were called) about the eighth century.

Near Toledo, it ſeems, there is an antient cave, of which there was a prophecy that threatened Spain with the greateſt troubles, whenever it was opened. It remained ſhut for ages, until king Rodriguez ordered it to be opened; upon which there were heard terrible noiſes and a violent tempeſt enſued, as if the elements were going into confuſion. King Rodriguez nevertheleſs went into the cave, where by the light of torches he ſaw the figures of divers men, whoſe garb

and

and arms were of ſtrangers. One held a copper blade in his hand, and upon it was written in Arabic, that the time drew near for the deſolation of Spain, and that the perſons, whoſe ſtatues were there, would ere long come.

Soon after this, Rodriguez having raviſhed Florinda, daughter of count Julian, that lord, forgetting what he owed his country, called in the Moors to aſſiſt him in avenging the honour of his family.

In 714 the Moors gained the famous battle, in which Rodriguez loſt his life. Spain was ſubdued, and the kingdom of the Goths extinct, except in the mountains of Aſturia, where Don Peladio, a relation

lation of Rodriguez, retired with the moſt reſolute of the Goths, and after a ſignal victory gained over a very numerous army in 719, among the mountains of Santa Mavia di Cavadonga, oppoſed to the Moors a new kingdom, by which they were one day to be driven out of Spain.

After the death of the Mooriſh king Abdorames, the emirs of the Spaniſh provinces aſpired to independency.

Alphonſo the Chaſte, of the race of king Peladio, after having gained ſome glorious victories over the Moors, found himſelf in quiet poſſeſſion of the Aſturias and Leon, at the beginning of the ninth century.

The

The ſucceſs of this prince, notwithſtanding the obſtacles he had to encounter, emboldened the chriſtians of Navarre to elect themſelves a king.

The inhabitants of Arragon took up arms under one of their counts; the reſt of Spain ſtill continued under the dominion of the Mooriſh kings, who had fixed their ſeat here at Cordova, where Abdorames, who reigned over all the Moors in the year 787, built this grand Moſquita.

Here the arts flouriſhed, and the court of the Mooriſh kings was the centre of gallantry, magnificence, and the choiceſt pleaſures. Tournaments and tiltings probably owed

their

their invention to the Moors. They had alſo ſhews and theatres. Here alſo geometry, aſtronomy, chemiſtry and phyſick were cultivated.

In 1039, Ferdinand the firſt, king of Caſtile and Leon, rendered his reign illuſtrious by an infinity of noble exploits. Taking advantage of the ill conduct of the Moors, who by forming ſeveral little kingdoms had ruined that of Cordova, the principal ſeat of their greatneſs in Spain, he compelled their kings to purchaſe peace, and to pay him a large ſum of gold for tribute.

The year 1236 ſeemed a period marked out for the glory of Spain, and the expulſion of the Moors. Ferdinand the third, king of Caſtile

and

and Leon, took Cordova from them. He ſubdued alſo the Moors of the province of Murcia. This country, though of ſmall extent, is extremely fertile, and the Moors uſed to get a great quantity of ſilk there, which they manufactured into curious ſtuffs.

This Ferdinand, after a ſiege of ſixteen months, conquered likewiſe Seville, the moſt opulent city the Moors had in their poſſeſſion. He enacted wholeſome and wiſe laws, erected ſeveral new courts of judicature, and inſtituted the royal council of Caſtile, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince his time.

However the Moors were not entirely ſubdued until the year 1491,

1491, when the city of Granada was taken by Ferdinand king of Caſtile, and Iſabella queen of Arragon, who had united all the petty kingdoms of Spain into one, by their marriage.

Boabdilla, king of Granada, came out of the town, and went to preſent the keys to Ferdinand and queen Iſabella, who treated him with all the honours due to a king. He withdrew into Africa, where he died.

Granada was full of riches, and adorned with a number of ſplendid palaces, eſpecially that ſtupendous one of the Mooriſh kings, in which were the fineſt baths in Europe, and a number of magnificent and

ſpacious

ſpacious apartments ſupported by an hundred pillars of alabaſter.

King Ferdinand and queen Iſabella gave the Moors their option, either to turn chriſtians, or quit the kingdom. Fifty thouſand of them became chriſtians, others retired into Africa, and had this comfort at leaſt in their expulſion, that their retreat was into the country of their anceſtors, one of the moſt delightful parts of the world.

The Jews were baniſhed about the ſame time. This people, by vile practices and exorbitant uſury, had accumulated to themſelves all the riches of the kingdom. There were no leſs than an hundred and fifty

fifty thouſand of this foreign natior among the Spaniards.

It was therefore debated in the king's and queen's council, by what means Spain might be delivered from this underhand tyranny of the Jews, after having ſhaken off that of the Moors.

At length they came to a reſolution, in the year 1492, to drive them all out of the kingdom, and ſpoil them of ſome part at leaſt of their ill-gotten riches. Some of this people retired into Africa, others into Portugal and France, but many returned to Spain, and became chriſtians.

The counteſs thanked the philoſopher for this account of Spain

and the Moors, and begged a copy of it, which he promiſed her. Then Cœurleon took the word, and ſaid, that he was not without hopes of meeting at Cordova a good friend of his, named Don de los Torres, a knight of Calatrava; hiſtoriographer, and profeſſor of natural philoſophy to the king of Spain: unleſs the celebration of the grand bull-feaſt, that was near at hand, had invited him to Madrid. This ſaid, we aroſe and ſet out for the Moſquita.

CHAP II.

THE Spaniards ſtill call it by that name, though now turned into a cathedral. This noble ſtructure has four and twenty grand gates, all of them carved, and embelliſhed with ornaments of fine ſteel. The roof is ſupported by 365 columns of jaſper, porphyry, granite, and other curious marble, and is finely painted with the figures of the ſaints feaſting on ambroſial and nectar to the ſound of golden lyres.

This painting was done by Rubens for Philip IV. king of Spain*. The

*King Philip honoured him with knighthood, and many magnificent preſents.

Rubens

The figures are adjuſted with a good guſto, and the draperies are ſet with art. They are well diverſified according to the ſex and dignity of the perſons repreſented. Rubens expreſſed his ſubjects with equal energy and perſpicuity, to which he added nobleneſs and grandeur.

Rubens was born in the Year 1577, at Cologne, though originally of Antwerp, where his father, of noble extraction, held the office of counſellor in the ſenate.

He was good-natured and obliging, his genius was full of fire, his ſenſe ſolid and ſublime. He was univerſally learned; and for the politeneſs of his manners, and the perfection of his knowledge, he was beloved and eſteemed by perſons of the beſt rank. Never painter produced ſo many and ſo great compoſitions as Rubens. It is difficult to decide, where his fineſt pieces are. He lived ſeveral years loaden with riches and honours; and died in the ſixty-third of his age, 1640.

While we were unweariedly admiring the beauties of the ſtructure and the fineneſs of this painting, we ſaw a man walking with a grave and ſlow pace towards us, who ſeemed buried in ſome profound thought. He was dreſt in a long robe of white ſilk; on his ſhoulder were four flower de luces croſs-wiſe, wrought with crimſon ſilk on a gold ground; by which habit and badge we knew him to be of the order of the knights of Calatrava. He was already come near us without having perceived us, when Cœurleon, whoſe ſight had been engaged elſewhere, looking upon him, knew his friend Don de los Torres. The old knight embraced

Cœurleon

Cœurleon with affection, and being informed by him, who we were, expreſſed great joy at ſeeing us. After the uſual congratulations, and a ſhort converſation, he went along with us to ſhew us the cathedral. It would be tedious to ſet down all the ornaments there. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with mentioning only two fine pictures done by two great maſters. The one repreſented Cardinal Ximenes preaching to the Moors of Granada; the other, an angel preſenting a golden fleece to a peaſant. There, ſaid the knight of Calatrava, (pointing to Ximenes) is the picture of an extraordinary man. He did not enter into the world till he was

ſixty years old, and depended upon finiſhing his life in ſolitude, when he was taken from thence and placed at the helm of the kingdom by Iſabella the queen of Spain. His miniſtry was glorious for his diſintereſtedneſs, and magnanimity. He converted the Moors in great numbers: he conquered Oran himſelf in perſon. He protected and encouraged learning; and founded the univerſity of Alcala de Hennara. At laſt having loſt all authority, by means of thoſe who had prejudiced king Charles againſt him, he retreated again to his ſolitude, and died without regretting his former high ſtation and honours.

This

This fine piece, fair counteſs, continued the knight, was done by Tintoretto in a viſit he made to Spain. Tintoretto was early eminent for painting and muſic. But painting being what he took moſt delight in, he reſolved to apply himſelf wholly to it.

You may diſcern in this picture, Michael Angelo's guſto of deſigning, and Titian's way of colouring, for theſe two painters were his guides. Through the vivacity of his imagination he was ſometimes incorrect: his attitudes are often contraſted to exceſs, and ſometimes extravagant, thoſe of his women excepted, whoſe attitudes he always painted graceful.

His pencilling is very firm and very vigorous, his work eaſy, and his touches lively. His heads are deſigned with a grand guſto; his local colours are good, and his carnations come up very near to Titian's. The emperor Charles the the fifth gave him five thouſand ducats of gold for this piece: which ſum Tintoretto gave in marriage with his daughter Maria Tintoretto. She had been taught to paint by her father, and drew a great number of portraits both of men and women. She delighted in muſic, and played well on ſeveral inſtruments. Her father loved her ſo tenderly that he would not let her leave him, even after ſhe was married;

married; but he had the misfortune to loſe her in the thirtieth year of her age*.

* She died in 1590, Tintoretto died at the age of fourſcore and two years, in 1594.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THIS other picture ſhews you the origin of the order of the golden fleece.

At the time when the Moors poſſeſſed the fineſt and greateſt part of Spain, a peaſant praying one day very fervently that the kingdom might be delivered from them, an angel came to him, and giving him a fleece of gold, ordered him to make uſe of it to aſſemble an army, becauſe none would refuſe to follow it. The peaſant obeyed and the ſucceſs anſwered the hop conceived of the rich preſent. I

memo

memory of this, was inſtituted the order of the golden fleece.

This fine painting, in which ſo much grace is ſeen, was performed by Guido Reni. I have a picture done in imitation of his manner, ſaid Meleſinda, and have heard him much commended. I ſhall take it as a favour, if you will be ſo obliging, as to give ſome account of him. With great pleaſure, replied the old knight.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year 1574; the ſon of Daniel Reni, an excellent muſician. He learnt the rudiments of painting under Denis Calvert, a Flemiſh maſter, who had then a good reputation: but the academy of

of the Carracci at Bologna beginning to be talked of, Guido left his maſter, and entered himſelf in that ſchool. In his firſt pieces he followed entirely the manner of his new maſters, and chiefly imitated Lodovico, becauſe he found more grace and grandeur in his compoſitions than in thoſe of his kinſmen. He afterwards endeavoured to find out a manner on which he might fix. He went to Rome, and copied all ſorts of things there. He was charmed with Raphael's pictures, and pleaſed with the ſpirit of Caravaggio's. He tried every ſtile, and at laſt hit upon one, againſt which nobody had any thing to ſay. Indeed, it was great, eaſy, graceful,

graceful, and got him vaſt riches, and an equal reputation. Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, being angry that he had ſuddenly changed his manner, which was ſtrong and brown, for one quite oppoſite to it, ſpoke very contemptibly of his pictures; and his inſolent expreſſions might have had ill conſequences, had not Guido prudently avoided diſputing with a man of his impetuous temper.

Guido returning to Bologna, grew famous for the care he took in finiſhing his pieces: and perceiving that people of high rank were eager to have them, he ſet a price upon them, according to the number of figures in each picture,

and

and every picture he valued at one hundred Roman crowns.

By theſe high prices, Guido found himſelf in a little time very rich, and lived magnificently, till an immoderate love of gaming ſeized him. He was unfortunate, and his loſſes reduced him to neceſſities he could not go through. His friends uſed all imaginable arguments to diſſuade him from play, but he would not give it over. He ſent his pictures to be ſold underhand at a low rate, and took it for ſuch as he had before refuſed large ſums for. As ſoon as he had got the few pieces of gold he had for them in his pocket, he immediately went to look out for his gameſters

to have his revenge. At laſt, as one paſſion weakens another, his love of gaming leſſened his love of painting ſo far, that he never thought of his reputation in what he did, but only to expedite his paintings, and get ſome piſtoles for ſubſiſtence. Except his vice of gaming, he was a man of good morals; and could he have corrected that fault, would have been an accompliſhed perſon. He died at Bologna, in 1640, in the ſixty-ſeventh year of his age.

As to his paintings, it muſt be owned his talent was not equally proper to treat of all ſorts of ſubjects. Such as were devout and pathetic ſuited beſt with his temper; grandeur, nobleneſs, ſweetneſs, and grace,

grace, were the character of his mind. He has ſpread them ſo much over all his works, as in the piece before us, that they are the principal marks which diſtinguiſh him from other painters.

His thoughts are delicate, and the diſpoſition of his objects in general, and of his figures in particular, is good.

His heads yield no manner of precedence to thoſe of Raphael, either for correctneſs of deſign, or delicacy of expreſſion, eſpecially the upper part of them; though he did not commonly treat of ſubjects that were capable of furniſhing him with ſo great variety of expreſſions, as are in Raphael's.

His

His merit conſiſted in that *moving* beauty, which, in my opinion, did not proceed ſo much from a regularity of features, as from a lovely air which he gave the mouth, that had ſomething in it between a ſmile and ſerioufneſs, and in the graces of the mouth, with a certain modeſty, which he put in the eyes.

In ſhort, in whatever manner or time he painted his pictures, his thoughts are ſo delicate, his figures ſo noble, his expreſſions ſo ſweet, his dreſſes ſo rich, and every thing ſo graceful, that he was, and ever will be univerſally admired.

The counteſs made her acknowedgments to the knight for the hiſtory he had given her of this ce-

lebrated painter. And having now ſeen every thing in the cathedral, worth obſervation, Don de los Torres offered to attend us next morning to his country houſe, of which he gave us a ſhort pleaſant deſcription, telling us we might reſt our mules, for he would furniſh us with a boat to go up the river. We accepted his offer, and it was determined that we ſhould go to this charming place the very next day. Having projected this agreeable ſcheme, we took leave of the old knight for that evening, and returned to our inn.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE next morning, according to appointment, Don de los Torres came to us, and after breakfasting on some chocolate, grapes and wine, he conducted us to a boat, that lay ready for us by the banks of the river. The little vessel was handsomely carved and ornamented with gilding and vermillion. A canopy of blue damask defended us from the heat of the sun. The boat was managed by two men in carnation jackets, and drawn along the stream by fourteen mules. We had also music with

us, that played, where-ever there was a fine echo.

The ſerenity of the ſky, the mildneſs of the weather, the lucidneſs of the water, the perfumes, that from its banks embalmed the air, the variety, fruitfulneſs and ſmiling appearance of nature in every part, charmed all our ſenſes. Add to theſe the converſation of the knight. I never ſaw a man, tho' now near ſeventy years of age, of a more eaſy, witty and agreeable converſation. He delivered himſelf with ſpirit, delicacy and gracefulneſs. When he repeated the ſame things, there was always ſomething new and charming in the manner.

We

We related to him our adventures in Spain, and he in return entertained us with an account of ſeveral curious things worth ſeeing; amongſt the reſt he gave us the hiſtory of a chapel and a famous monument in it, which we were to ſee before we came to his country ſeat. His relation was as follows.

The Hiſtory of the COUNTESS ORIANA.

NOT long ſince on the banks of this river dwelt a young lady, named Oriana, who had been brought up by her father with much tenderneſs and prudence, ſince her

mother died, who was a very beautiful woman.

Don Pedro de Hennarez, for that was Oriana's father's name, had ſerved his king and country in an employment at court, with great honour. But the intrigues of his enemies procured his diſgrace. After which his chief employment was the education of his daughter, in his retreat.

Little Oriana had all the charming features of her mother's face, particularly her mouth, round which, a painter would tell you, a Cupid played continually. Her hair was a bright brown, her complexion fair and delicate; and in her aſpect appeared

appeared ſweetneſs and dignity. To compleat her lovelineſs, her father had infuſed into her heart all thoſe virtues, which adorn the ſex; and in her was centred all his joy and delight. But ſhe unfortunately loſt her father before ſhe was ſixteen years of age; who dying left her to the care of a rich old man, an antient companion, in whom he greatly confided, being prejudiced in his favour as he thought him ſtrictly honourable. He gave likewiſe to this friend, whoſe name was Corvellone, a caſket in which he told him was his daughter's fortune and all his ſubſtance, namely, two thouſand ducats of gold.

Corvellone took the charge, and at firſt behaved with great kindneſs to Oriana. But this ſhew of affection did not laſt long.

It happened that a young grandee, Don Valaſconte, a knight of the golden fleece, ſaw Oriana, and was ſtruck with her beauty. This nobleman was about the age of nineteen or twenty years. He was naturally good-natured, and by the gracefulneſs of his perſon, a winning converſation, ſprightlineſs of humour, and a peculiar charm which animated his whole deportment, gained the hearts of all. He was one of thoſe perſonages, whom nature ſeems to have formed in the height of good humour, and who,

as

as ſoon as they appear, unite the moſt oppoſite characters in their favour, by giving them the ſame advantageous impreſſions. But with all theſe accompliſhments, he had given himſelf up to his pleaſures; and to ſum up his character, he was a compound of whatever is moſt agreeable and irregular.

This young nobleman thought himſelf of too high rank and quality to propoſe to marry Oriana; and being well acquainted with Corvellone, and knowing that he was of ſuch a miſerable diſpoſition, that a good ſum of gold would tempt him to any thing, he went and opened his intentions to him. He told him that he was paſſionately

in

in love with Oriana, and that if he would perſuade her to be his miſtreſs, he would preſent him with two thouſand ducats of gold.

Corvellone being charmed with the offer of ſuch a ſum, though himſelf was extremely rich, and intending beſides to ſecure to himſelf the young Oriana's fortune, which her father had left her, undertook the affair out of hand.

He ſent for Oriana into his cloſet, and ſaid to her, Fair Oriana, I have an affair of great importance to communicate to you. Don Valaſconte, a knight of the golden fleece, whom you have ſeen, and who is ſo remarkable for his noble and magnificent way of living, is become

become paſſionately in love with you. I have conſented to let him come to viſit you. You muſt dreſs yourſelf in your fineſt apparel and do all you can to pleaſe him. Uſe every art to fix his affections. His rank indeed does not permit him publickly to make you his wife. But he propoſes that you ſhall live in one of his caſtles in the country, as his miſtreſs, and under that name to make your fortune. He added much more to the ſame purpoſe: He repreſented to her the condee's riches, his fine houſes, parks, and gardens, which ſhe was to have perfect command of, and omitted nothing that might ſooth a woman's natural love of pleaſure, her vanity

or ambition: and concluded with repreſenting to her that ſhe had but a ſmall fortune left her; that himſelf was by no means ſo rich as was imagined, and could do little for her; and that having loſt her parents, and being deſtitute of friends, ſhe ought not to heſitate a moment about accepting ſo advantageous an offer.

Oriana was in the greateſt conſternation and ſurpriſe at this diſcourſe, as you may well imagine. Her looks ſhewed her ſecret emotions, and her frequent bluſhes teſtified how much ſhe abhorred the propoſal. She repreſented to Corvellone, what a ſtain it would be to his honour and her own. Let

the condee, ſaid ſhe, enjoy his riches, and me my innocence. She uſed tears and entreaties to move him, but to no purpoſe. His heart was hardened; neither tears, nor entreaties, nor force of reaſon, nor youthful charms of beauty afflicted, could affect him, or make him in the leaſt alter his reſolutions. On the contrary he was rouſed to wrath that reddened and fluſhed in his aſpect, and he threatened to abandon her to the world, if ſhe did not obey him.

Oriana retired to her apartment, filled with grief and anxiety. There ſhe beſought heaven to inſtruct her how to behave. Soon ſhe felt herſelf inſpired with wonderful reſolution,

lution, and preſently came to a determination. She put on her richeſt attire, and adorned herſelf with the few jewels ſhe had: though her beauty alone without ornament was capable of touching any heart but her guardian's with tendereſt love.

In the evening Valaſconte came: Corvellone conducted him to the door of Oriana's apartment, where he left him.

As ſoon as the condee appeared, Oriana roſe up to receive him. He made her a profound obeyſance, and they took their ſeats. Oriana then demanded what might be the occaſion of the honour he was pleaſed to do her in a viſit? Love, anſwered he, looking tenderly upon her,

her, has led me hither; and I thank my ſtars for this happy viſit; the greateſt prince might envy my felicity. Valaſconte, who was of a very elegant perſon, and whoſe voice was ſweet, muſical and inſinuating, ſaid much more in the ſame ſtrain: to all which Oriana, no doubt ſtrengthened by heaven, anſwered without bluſhes or any ſeeming emotion, but with politeneſs and complaiſance.

In the mean time a collation was ſerved up, which he himſelf had ordered. He helped Oriana to every thing himſelf, and filled out wine to her in a cup of fine agate rimmed with gold. The more he looked upon her, the more beau-

tiful he thought her. He talked very gallantly to her; and ſhe, whoſe wit was equal to her beauty, replied with ſo much ſenſe, ſprightlineſs, and innocent ingenuity, that ſhe charmed him with her converſation. At length towards the end of the regale, he threw himſelf at her feet, and preſſing her hand, Faireſt Oriana, ſaid he to her, if your eyes at firſt have wounded me, your diſcourſe has finiſhed the conqueſt of my heart. The paſſion you have kindled in my breaſt will burn for ever; from this time forward I am become a ſlave to your charms, and ſhall conſecrate my future days to your ſervice.

As he made an end of theſe words,

words, he kiſſed the hand of Oriana with ſo ardent a tranſport, that ſhe fearing herſelf in ſome danger, changed countenance, and the roſes fled from her fair cheek. And not being able to diſſemble any longer, her look became overcaſt with grief, and ſome bright tears fell from her eyes, which rendered her ſtill more beautiful.

Whence comes this ſudden grief, fair Oriana, ſaid Valaſconte very much ſurpriſed; what can theſe tears mean that melt my heart? Is it I who am the occaſion of them? Am I unhappy enough to have ſaid or done any thing to give you diſpleaſure? Speak, and keep me no longer in ignorance of what has

produced this ſudden change in you. My lord, anſwered Oriana, I have already diſſembled too far. Modeſty, fear, grief, combat my reſolves at once. I can no longer be ſilent and conceal my real ſentiments. I am a young lady of good birth: my father was an officer in the king of Spain's treaſury; growing old he retreated from court, and in his retreat endeavoured to ſeaſon my heart with thoſe leſſons which might make me anſwer his intentions. I had the happineſs to correſpond in ſome ſort with his endeavours, and became his comfort and joy. But alas! he died too ſoon for me. He left me only two thouſand ducats, his whole ſub-

ſtance;

ſtance; and Corvellone, in whom he greatly confided, undertook to be my guardian. He has ordered me to receive your viſits, and ſpare no pains to engage you to love me. I would fain have excuſed myſelf, but he threatened to abandon me unleſs I agreed to take you to my arms, on the conditions you well know. Conſider, my lord, what a ſevere injunction this muſt be to me. If I have admitted your viſit, and endeavoured to win your friendſhip by my behaviour, believe me it was only in the hopes of finding in one of your rank an heart worthy of it, and a generoſity and tenderneſs, which are not to be found in Corvellone, who ſeems to be hard-

ened by age, and without any ſentiments of tenderneſs, gratitude, virtue, or honour.

When Oriana had made an end of ſpeaking, Valaſconte, who had liſtened to her all the time with his eyes fixt upon her, was ſo affected with what ſhe ſaid, and the ſweetneſs of her expreſſion, that he remained for ſome time ſilent. He ſeemed to hear a voice within him, ſay; "Seek not to tarniſh that luſtre, which you cannot reſtore, and which you ought to prize ſo highly." At laſt he thus replied: I am glad, fair and virtuous Oriana, that you have diſcovered your thoughts to me. How great ſoever your charms are, and whatever impreſſion

impreſſion they have made upon me, you have nothing to fear. I renounce all hopes I had received, ſince they give uneaſineſs to you: and you may without a bluſh reſume your converſation with me. Shed no more of thoſe precious tears, but diſmiſs your grief. Ah! my lord, replied Oriana, it is not without reaſon that you are eſteemed the moſt generous of men. I wiſh I may ever have an occaſion to ſhew you the gratitude of my heart. Grant me, ſaid the condęe, but one thing, and truſt to my honour. You muſt leave this houſe and go with me; you cannot be in worſe hands than Corvellone's, as you may eaſily perceive. I will carry you

in my coach to a convent where you ſhall be taken care of. It is, anſwered Oriana, what I moſt deſire. I have ſo great confidence in your generoſity, that I will ſet out this moment with you, for the abbey you mention. I have no other fear, but that of never being able to acknowledge your goodneſs.

Valaſconce immediately ordered his coach to be ready, called for Corvellone, and with an aſpect of contempt mixt with complaiſance, ſaid to him. You could not ſet too high a price upon ſo many charms: the lady has conſented to go away with me directly. Having thus ſpoken, he took Oriana's hand, and led her to his coach. Corvellone

vellone attended him thither, felicitating Oriana on her happy change of condition; but ſhe ſaid not one word to him as they paſſed through the ſaloon, and ſhe parted from him with a look of ſullen ſweetneſs, and in the ſame reproachful ſilence, neither thanking him for any kindneſſes paſt, nor deſiring any future correſpondence.

CHAP. V.

VALASCONTE carried her that evening to the royal abbey of Caenza, where he ordered every thing for her, that could contribute to render her ſituation agreeable. At length, love got the better of all other conſiderations, and he reſolved to marry her, if ſhe would give him her hand. You may eaſily imagine ſhe ſhewed no averſion to his offer; and they were married in private.

After the ceremony was over, he made it public, and celebrated his marriage with pomp and magnificence. He introduced Oriana to court,

court, where her beauty and accompliſhments engaged the admiration and affections of all who had any ſentiment. Her ſtory was made known to the ſovereign, who ordered Corvellone's riches to be diſtributed among his relations, and himſelf ſent to dig in the gold mines of Mexico.

As for Valaſconte, his happineſs increaſed daily: the more he was acquainted with the mind and heart of Oriana, the more he was charmed with her. Her converſation poliſhed the manners of her huſband, who inſenſibly acquired by it a delicacy of ſentiment, with which till then he had been unacquainted. In a word, through her he became illuſtrious

luſtrious for his virtue. Oriana died, though in the flower of her age, after having brought him two ſons and two daughters. The condee did not long ſurvive her, and their aſhes were united in the ſame tomb.

We were by this time arrived at the park, which reached down to the banks of the river. There we landed, and went up a gentle aſcent; at length we entered into a pleaſant wilderneſs, where in a mount planted with divers ſorts of trees, intermixt with fragrant ſhrubs, a chapel was contrived in form of a grotto, to which the light came down through openings in the rock, covered

covered over with fine iron work and cryſtal.

In this chapel was a tomb of red granite curiouſly adorned. In a rich cabinet, covered with a vail of crimſon drawn by cords of mohair and ſilver, was the figure of Oriana in oriental alabaſter. She ſeemed in a pleaſing ſleep: ſhe had a coronet on her head, and her form was ſprinkled with artificial flowers.

Over her was this inſcription in golden characters.

How great the power of beauty bright and young!
And the ſweet muſic of a charming tongue!
Her fragrant lips breath'd forth a chain of gold
That did her lord in virtue's bondage hold.

Valaſ-

Valaſconte's image pointed to her with one hand, and held a tablet in the other with theſe lines on it, likewiſe in gold.

The ſovereign beauty, which I did admire,
Witneſs the world, how worthy to be prais'd!
Her radiant eyes enkindled heav'nly fire
Within my heart, and to true glory rais'd.

Struck with perfection's charms, ſo pure, ſo bright,
Things baſe I could no more endure to view,
While on her face I look'd with fixt delight,
Virtue's fair image in my ſoul ſhe drew.

O charming woman! ſaid philoſopher Swenitz, in a rapture upon reading theſe lines; how great is your influence, would you but uſe it

it to reform the world! how noble is the contemplation of beauty, Heightened by virtue! how faint, how ſpiritleſs are the charms of a falſe glittering fair-one, compared with the lovelineſs which I repreſent to myſelf in this lady Oriana! Colours artfully ſpread upon canvaſs may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and ſhe, who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her perſon any luſtre of excelling qualities, may be allowed to amuſe as a picture, but not to triumph as a true beauty.

The people in the neighbourhood, ſaid the knight, look upon Oriana as a ſaint. They ſay, that ſounds of muſic have been frequently heard

heard here in the night. As for my part, added he, I never heard here any muſic except *this*—So ſaying, he ſtruck the marble with a key, and it reſounded like a chime of little ſilver bells. I have known ſomething like it in a large block of Sicilian marble.

The knight telling us that it was but a little way from thence to his houſe, we agreed to walk along the banks of the river rather than go in the boat.

When we had travelled about two little miles we came to the place. It was a little eminence, covered with trees and plants of an agreeable verdure. On the ſummit ſtood the houſe neat and elegant. Around

Around it were fine meadows, and on one ſide a delightful garden.

Don de los Torres welcomed us to the place, where we found every thing prepared for our reception. He had a ſiſter here who came out to receive Meleſinda. I will paſs over the civil things that were ſaid on both ſides on this occaſion, and only obſerve that Don de los Torres's ſiſter, whoſe name was Sorinda, was a lady pretty much advanced in years, but very polite, and underſtood how to perform the duties of hoſpitality as well as any woman in the world. She conducted Meleſinda into an handſome apartment, where leaving her to repoſe a few moments, ſhe came

and employed her attention on the moſt minute things that might render our being there agreeable to us. Afterwards when ſupper was ready, ſhe ordered the cloth to be laid in a ſaloon ornamented with paintings, where we ſate down to table. Sorinda was not one of thoſe people, who cloud their entertainments with a penſive diſcontented air: She was, like the knight, of a gay diſpoſition, and ſupported the converſation in an agreeable manner; expreſſing herſelf with dignity and elegance. I admired her underſtanding, and the delicate turn of her thoughts, which ſeemed to charm Meleſinda as well as me. They conceived a friend-

friendſhip for one another during our ſtay, and promiſed to maintain a correſpondence by letters. We were ſerved at ſupper with ſome excellent diſhes, and our beds were no leſs comfortable than our regale.

CHAP. VI.

ALready had the ſun uſhered in the newday, the birds upon the blooming branches atteſting it with their merry ſongs, when we aroſe and were conducted into the library, where our breakfaſt was prepared. The room looked over thoſe pleaſant meadows, which I have mentioned, and had a fine view of the river. After breakfaſting with much cheerfulneſs, we went into the garden, where we ſpent ſome time in walking and gathering fruits and flowers. There we at length left the ladies, and returned with the knight into the library.

In the midſt of the room was a large table covered with red chamois, on which was ſet a number of books; ſuch as plays, hiſtories and romances. After I had peruſed the titles of ſeveral, I hope, ſaid the knight to me, that you will find here ſome books, which will entertain you when you are diſpoſed to read. As I had learnt from Cœurleon that the knight was an excellent hiſtorian, after ſome diſcourſe about the books before us, I took occaſion to introduce a requeſt to him that he would give me his ſentiments concerning the moſt excellent and agreeable manner of compoſing an hiſtory. For in my travels, I always made it my prac-

tice to put thoſe I converſed with upon thoſe ſubjects, which they beſt underſtood, in order to learn ſomething from their information.

Baſti al nochiero ragionar de venti,
Al bifolco de i tori, e le ſue piaghe
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l paſtor gli armenti.

ARIOSTO.

The mariner ſpeaks beſt of ſeas and wind,
Of paſtures green and herds the rural hind,
The warrior of bright hoſts in battle join'd.

Don de los Torres very readily ſatisfied me; and when we were ſat down, ſpoke as follows.

There are few hiſtorians free from groſs faults, and yet hiſtory is of great importance. It points out great

great examples to us. It makes the vices of bad men ſerve for inſtruction to the good. It diſentangles the origin of nations; and ſhews by what means people paſſed from one form of government to another.

A good hiſtorian is not partial to any age, or nation. Though he loves his country, he never flatters it. A Spaniſh hiſtorian ſhould ſhew himſelf neutral between England and Spain. He ought to praiſe the earl of Peterborough, as freely as Don Manuel de Leon, the hiſtory of whoſe valiant exploits affords entertainment, inſtruction, ſurpriſe and delight to readers of the moſt ſublime conception.

He omits no incident that ſerves to deſcribe the chief perſons he ſpeaks of and diſcover, the true cauſes of events.

He equally avoids panegyric and ſatire, and deſerves credit no further than he confines himſelf to relate both what is good, and what is bad, without flattery or malice. Our prepoſſeſſion in favour of our country, joined to a national pride, makes us forget that reaſon is the growth of all climates, and that a juſtneſs of ſentiment is not limited to a part of Europe.

Some vain people pretend to ſhine by obſcuring the brave and generous actions of former ages, putting ſome vile conſtructions upon them,

them, and forging vain cauſes and motives of them. Shew me the greateſt and moſt unblemiſhed action in life, and I will invent fifty bad ends to obſcure it.

The ſame pains and licence that others take to detract from illuſtrious names, I would willingly take to raiſe them higher.

As for thoſe rare perſonages, who are culled out by the conſent of wiſe men, for an example to the world, I ſhould honour them by all the circumſtances I could invent of a favourable conſtruction. And we are to believe that the force of our invention is infinitely ſhort of their merit.

It is the duty of good men to

paint virtue as beautiful as poſſible, and there would be no indecency in the caſe, ſhould our zeal a little tranſport us in favour of ſuch ſacred perſonages. What ſome people do to the contrary, they either do it for lucre of gold, or out of malice, or through viciouſneſs of confining their belief to their own capacity, or by reaſon that their ſight is not ſtrong, clear and elevated enough to conceive the ſplendour of virtue in her native purity. Hence actions of the greateſt fortitude and ſanctity have been imputed to ambition or vain-glory: whereas the ſame perſons would have performed, and actually did perform the ſame, when they had ignominy and diſgrace

diſgrace inſtead of riches or glory for reward.

In the next place I would not have an hiſtorian too inclined to ſuperſtition. But it is preſumption to ſlight and condemn every thing as falſe, becauſe it does not ſeem to us likely to be true, which is the common failing of ſuch as fancy themſelves wiſer than their neighbours. I was myſelf formerly of that caſt; and if I heard of ſpirits walking, dreams, prognoſtications of futurity, inchantments, witchcraft, or any other thing, that I knew not what to make of, I pitied the people who were impoſed upon by ſuch things; and now I find that

that myſelf was as much to be pitied as they.

Experience has taught me to ſuperſede my former opinions, and reaſon and religion have inſtructed me, that thus to treat things as falſe and impoſſible, becauſe beyond my comprehenſion, is preſumptuouſly to limit and circumſcribe divine power.

How many things in nature beyond our comprehenſions! It is rather cuſtom than knowledge that makes them appear not ſtrange to us.

—— O quante belle
Luci il tempio celeſte in ſe raguna!
Ha il ſuo gran carro il dì: l'aurate ſtelle

Spiega

a la notte, e l'argentata luna;
on è chi vagheggi o queſta o quelle.

TASSO.

—— How many bright
plendent lamps ſhine in heav'n's temple high!
hath his golden ſun, her moon the night,
fixt and wand'ring ſtars the azure ſky,
ione theſe lights with wonder now admire.

FAIRFAX.

f thoſe things were now pre-
ted as new to us, we ſhould
nk them equally or more in-
dible than any other.

ere theſe things ſuddenly, or by ſurpriſe,
now objected new to mortals eyes,

— Si nunc primum mortalibus adſint
improviſo, ſeu ſint objecta repente,
magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
t minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes.
LUCRET. l. 2. v. 1032.

At

At nothing could they be aſtoniſh'd more,
Nor could have form'd a thought of them before.

How many unlikely things are there teſtified by perſons of credit, which if we cannot abſolutely believe, we ought at leaſt to hold our minds in ſuſpenſe. For to conclude them impoſſible, is raſhly preſuming to pretend to know the utmoſt bounds of poſſibility. To condemn things contrary to the common courſe of nature becauſe unuſual, as impoſſible, is extream folly, and arrogance, and preſumption, in ſuch finite underſtandings: and not only ſo, but it is of dangerous conſequence, as it teaches them to contemn things perhaps the moſt

ſacred,

ſacred, becauſe we do not underſtand them.

But to proceed—

A moſt neceſſary and moſt uncommon accompliſhment in an hiſtorian, is to know exactly the form of government in every age, and the ſucceſſive manners of the nation whoſe hiſtory he writes. A painter who does not know what the Italians call *Il Coſtume*, can draw nothing exactly. The painters of the ſchool of Lombardy have failed in this particular, though in other reſpects, they have repreſented nature to the life. They have drawn the high prieſt of Jeruſalem, like the pontif of Rome; and the antient Greeks like the people

people of Lombardy. We ſhould laugh at an hiſtorian who ſhould ſpeak of the magnificence of Don Pelladio's court in the Aſturian mountains, or of the immenſe riches of his wealtheiſt ſubjects.

Again—

There is nothing more agreeable in hiſtory than an eaſy, noble conciſeneſs.

An hiſtorian ought to retrench many ſuperfluous epithets, and other ſuch ornaments. This will make his hiſtory more conciſe, more lively, more ſimple, and more agreeable. In his narration he ought to interweave the moſt ſolid notions of virtue, without moralizing. He ſhould avoid ſententious remarks

remarks with the utmoſt care. His hiſtory will be ſufficiently adorned, if he relate things in a juſt order, and a clear, proper, conciſe, noble ſtile.

There prevails an affected politeneſs among the pedantic and conceited part of all ranks and profeſſions, who value themſelves upon their wit or learning. They never venture to uſe any expreſſion but what they reckon fine and uncommon. They talk always in an high ſtrain, and would think it beneath them to call things by their proper names. Now in true eloquence almoſt every thing may be introduced. The perfection of poetry itſelf, which is the loftieſt kind of compoſition,

compoſition, depends on a full and lively deſcription of things in all their circumſtances. Facts related without circumſtances are like a tree ſtript of its leaves; they make only the dry trunk and leafleſs branches of an hiſtory.

Not that in relating facts we ought to deſcribe every individual circumſtance that belongs to them. Some will not omit even the moſt dry, uſeleſs and impertinent ones: as whether Monteſinos took out the heart of his friend Durandarte, the moment he expired, in order to carry it to his miſtreſs Belerma, with the point of a dagger, or with a ſmall piece of damaſked ſteel as ſharp as an awl. An hiſtorian of this

this character follows his own humour without regarding the public taſte. He would have every body as fond as he is of thoſe trifles that employ his inſatiable curioſity.

On the contrary, a prudent hiſtorian drops all inſignificant facts, that give the reader no light into any important point. So that it requires great judgment to make a right choice of circumſtances. But at the ſame time, we muſt not be afraid of mentioning ſuch circumſtances as can be any way ſerviceable. For it is a falſe delicacy that leads us to ſuppreſs ſome uſeful things, becauſe we do not think them capable of any ornament.

Beſides, excellent writers, both antient and modern, have ſhewn us by their examples, that we may give a proper grace and embelliſhment to every ſubject.

But to come to a concluſion—

The chief perfection of an hiſtory conſiſts in the order and diſpoſal of its parts. A true genius, out of twenty places, chuſes that, in which a fact may be moſt advantageouſly ſet, ſo as to throw a light on all the reſt. Oftentimes a fact mentioned long before the order of time it happened in, clears up all the train of events, that paved the way to it.

Sometimes another incident will appear

appear in its full light by being poſtponed, for then it is introduced more appoſitely as the occaſion of other events.

This juſt order may be compared to the care, that a perſon of good taſte takes to place fine pictures in an advantageous light.

After ſuch order maintained, the judicious reader, when he has peruſed the whole hiſtory, looks back like a curious traveller, who having got to the top of a mountain, obſerves all around him, and takes a delight in viewing from that ſituation, the way he came; and all the pleaſant places through which he paſſed.

Here the knight ended his diſcourſe, and notice now being given that ſome company was arrived, he went to receive them.

That day we dined under a large tent from whence we had an agreeable proſpect. We ſpent the afternoon in ſeveral amuſements. In the mean time a letter was delivered to Don de los Torres, who, after reading it, told us, that he would have the pleaſure of accompanying us to Madrid, for he was obliged to be there at the celebration of the bull-fights in the grand piazza. We teſtified great joy at the news; and having ſtayed two days longer with the knight

knight and his ſiſter Sorinda at their ſeat, we took leave of her and ſet out in Don de los Torres' calaſh on our return to Cordova.

CHAP. VII.

WE took a large round in order to ſee more of the country. About noon, we ſtopped under ſome trees juſt by the road, whoſe ſpreading boughs caſt a thick verdant ſhade. Here we alighted, and Don de los Torres ordered a ſumpter mule to be unloaded, and a regale to be ſet before us. We were all ſeated in a circle, and had half finiſhed our repaſt, when we ſaw ſuddenly appear four or five men, dreſt in white and gold galoon, mounted on tall mules, and with travelling ſpectacles and umbrellas. After them came an elegant

gant coach, drawn by ſix mules with three poſtillions, and attended by four or five more people on horſe-back in the ſame dreſs with the firſt.

Cœurleon no ſooner perceived them, but he ſaid to Meleſinda, If I am not much miſtaken, this is the ducheſs of Valflorante, I muſt ſpeak to her. Meleſinda deſired him not to let her know we were there, for which the ducheſs reproved him afterwards. Cœurleon went up to the coach, which now approached, when the ducheſs of Valflorante, for it was ſhe, perceiving him, immediately put her head out of the coach, and ordered her people to ſtop. She ſeemed

about twenty-five years of age, was exceeding handſome, and appeared extremely gay and lively. While ſhe ſpoke to Cœurleon, ſhe laughed ſometimes, which ſhe did very pleaſingly, and ſhewed a fine row of teeth, white as pearl. Cœurleon continued ſome time in diſcourſe with her, and then making a profound obeiſance, the ducheſs returned him a nod with an eaſy, courtly grace, and proceeded on her journey.

Cœurleon came back to us with a pleaſant countenance, and ſaid to us, You have ſeen the ducheſs of Valflorante, one of the fineſt ladies about the court, and lately married to a young gentleman, named Moncadas.

cadas. She is now going to Madrid, to attend the queen, who has ſent for her. But I muſt tell you her ſtory, which is now the entertainment of the court, and which has ſomething very pleaſant in it. The ducheſs of Valflorante, as you have ſeen, is very beautiful and young; and ſhe was rich beſides; ſhe was courted by ſeveral young cavaliers, both for her perſon and fortune.

One of her ſuitors was the gallant Don Moncadas, called the Magnificent. He is a young grandee of noble genius, the flower of courteſy and beneficence; a phœnix in friendſhip, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without

out meanneſs. Notwithſtanding theſe accompliſhments, he loved and was abhorred; he adored and was diſdained; he implored a ſavage; he importuned a ſtatue, for ſuch was the ducheſs of Valflorante to him. In ſhort, finding he could not make any progreſs in his love, he grew diſconſolate, ſickened, and in a little time was carried to his tomb in the bloom of his youth.

The ducheſs of Valflorante hearing of this effect of his paſſion for her, now began to pity him, when it was too late, and grew deſirous of ſeeing *him* dead, whoſe love, while living, ſhe had treated with ſuch coldneſs and diſdain. How ſtrange, how wonderful are the workings

workings of love! That heart, which was proof againſt the proſperous fortune of Moncadas, was now penetrated with his misfortune. Love, to ſpeak poetically, tempered in pity's fire his golden darts, and kindled his flame in her breaſt, which had ſuch an effect upon her, that ſhe diſguiſed herſelf, and putting on a long ſilk veil, went to the church, where the body lay in richeſt ſtate. She preſſed up to it, and fixing her eyes upon her lover for a little time in ſilence, ſhed a flood of tears. This bright ſhower that fell on Moncadas's face ſeemed to revive him. For in effect he revived, or rather wakened from the trance into which his love and weakneſs had

had thrown him: and opening his eyes, the firſt object they met was the ducheſs of Valflorante weeping over him. She ſcreamed out, and fainted away. She was preſently known to thoſe preſent, and being brought to herſelf was conveyed to her palace. In ſhort, Moncadas recovered, the ducheſs of Valflorante has married him, and the king has created him marqueſs of Valflorante.

Some verſes have been made on the ſubject by one of the court wits, of which theſe are part ——

Who would not languiſh, die with am'rous pain,
To be ſo mourn'd, and ſo reſtor'd again?

Or

Or thus with-held, what ſoul would ſeek the ſtars?
O'er young Adonis ſo, her precious tears
Fair Venus ſhed, but *her's* had not ſuch pow'r,
As Valflorante's bright enliv'ning ſhow'r.

This is a pleaſant accident enough, ſaid Don de los Torres, ſince the concluſion was ſo happy: yet I can ſcarce perſuade myſelf but ſhe was in love with him before, and only concealed her paſſion from him through capriciouſneſs or vanity. But what ſay the ladies? They for the moſt part, anſwered Cœurleon, are in amazement how Moncadas could be ſo paſſionately in love with Valflorante. They will hardly allow her to have any thing charming in her face or perſon. It is ſeldom,

replied

replied the knight, that the merit of a woman is univerſally agreed on by both ſexes; their intereſts are too different. The women are diſpleaſed with thoſe very ſame beauties in another, which render them agreeable to the men. A thouſand airs, which inflame with the moſt violent or tender love, raiſe their contempt and averſion. Don de los Torres, ſaid Meleſinda, ſmiling, don't accuſe the ladies of being jealous of one another's charms; for my part, I admire the ducheſs of Valflorante. Fair counteſs, anſwered the old knight with a pleaſant air, I highly value the ladies; I think a fine face the fineſt of all ſights; and the ſweeteſt muſic the voice

voice of her whom we love: all that I meant to ſay juſt now was, that many charming airs eſcape the obſervation of the ſex, which make very ſenſible impreſſions on a lover. This ſaid, we all drank a glaſs of excellent malaga to the ducheſs and marqueſs of Valflorante.

The place was ſo delightful, that after our regale we reſolved to ſtay a little longer in that ſweet ſcene. Then the knight taking out of his pocket a little book with gilt leaves and finely decorated, preſented it to Meleſinda, telling her that it contained ſeveral novels, which ſhe might read at any time for her amuſement. She took it with thankfulneſs, and opening read the

title of the firſt, which was, "King Alphonſo, the Noble, in the gardens of Villa Hermoſa". The knight told her that if ſhe choſe to read that novel, the place ſhe was in would render it more entertaining. We all went towards the ſtream, and ſitting down on the borders of it under ſome trees, were attentive to her, while ſhe read the ſtory, of which the ſubſtance was as follows:

King ALPHONSO *the Noble, &c.*

In the time of Alphonſo the Noble, king of Caſtile, who won the famous battle againſt the Miramolin of Morocco in Sierra Morena.

rena, there lived an old knight named Mendoron, who after having diſtinguiſhed himſelf in that fight, retreated to a ſolitary place called Villa-hermoſa near Signenza. Among the olive and almond trees, with which that ſpot abounds, he built a ſmall convenient houſe; on one ſide of which was a moſt delightful garden, and in it a fine canal. In cultivating this agreeable place lay his greateſt pleaſure.

It happened that Alphonſo the Noble came during the ſummer, to amuſe himſelf at a royal caſtle in that part of the country. When hearing of Mendoron's fine garden, he had a great deſire to ſee it. He therefore ſent him word, that him-

ſelf and four friends would come and take an evening's repaſt with him in his garden. Mendoron was pleaſed with the meſſage, and made the neceſſary proviſion for his entertainment. Alphonſo came at the time appointed, and brought with him the marqueſs of Medina and three other favourites.

They ſate down to table by the ſide of the canal. The regale was ſerved up in the moſt delicate order; and conſiſted of the moſt exquiſite dainties with the richeſt and moſt fragrant wines.

While they were thus regaling themſelves with much gaiety, drinking plentifully, and admiring the beauty of the place, two damſels entered

entered the garden. They ſeemed about ſixteen years of age, and were both of excellent beauty. Their cheſnut-coloured hair was tied behind with a ribbon of crimſon and gold. Their garments were of thin Murcian ſilk as white as ſnow, and were tied round their waiſt with a cord of mohair and gold; and thence deſcended to only half way their legs, which were naked, and of moſt delicate turn and whiteneſs. On their feet they had light ſandals faſtened with ſilver laces. One of them carried a ſilk net, and the other a long ſmooth branch of an almond tree.

Alphonſo was greatly ſurpriſed at their appearance, and waited at-

tentively to ſee what it meant. The damſels, being come before him, made their obeyſance to him, in the modeſteſt manner. Then both ſtept into a fine gondola, that lay by the bank of the canal. There they caught a number of fiſh and threw them out to a ſervant, who had kindled a fire of ſweet wood on the bank; and who dreſſed them in a ſilver veſſel, and ſet them before the king. After a little time they came out of the gondola, and having again ſaluted Alphonſo they returned into the houſe.

Alphonſo and the reſt admired greatly the beauty of the two damſels: but eſpecially Alphonſo, who began to look upon them with a lover's

a lover's eyes, and thought they reſembled two new-born queens of love, juſt riſen from the waves, or two morning ſtars. He was perfectly loſt in admiration. At length turning to Mendoron, he demanded who thoſe two fair damſels were. They are my daughters, ſaid he, born both at a birth: one of them is called Roſalinda, and the other Dolcereïna. Alphonſo commended their beauty and behaviour: and now nothing remained to be ſerved on the table but the deſert; when the two damſels appeared again, but attired in richeſt carnation ſattin, which hung in large folds to their feet: and in their hands they brought two fine diſhes full

of all manner of fruit, which they ſet before Alphonſo. After which they retired to a little diſtance and ſung a ſong, with ſuch exquiſite ſweetneſs, that Alphonſo thought himſelf among the bleſt, and that he heard celeſtial harmony.

The regale being finiſhed, the king mounted his gennet and returned to his caſtle. There he ſoon found that he had not only drank of Mendoron's excellent wines, but alſo of the flames of love. For he was in love not only with one but with both ſiſters; as they reſembled each other like two pearls. He endeavoured to forget Roſalinda and Dolcereïna, but that very endeavour made him think of nothing

elſe. He cultivated now under other pretences a ſtrict friendſhip with Mendoron, and frequently viſited him at his garden in order to ſee the objects of his paſſion. At laſt his love grew to ſuch a height, that he reſolved to carry off both the daughters of the old knight by force; not knowing how otherwiſe to get poſſeſſion of them. He ſignified his intention to the marqueſs of Medina, who being a nobleman of ſtrict honour, repreſented to him with a generous freedom, how diſhonourable ſuch an action would be to his age, who had never been guilty of ſuch exceſs in his youthful prime, when love moſt powerfully reigns. Beſides

the ingratitude of the thing, to take away an old knight's daughters, who had treated him ſo delightfully, and made his daughters, in whom was centred his joy, attend upon him, eſteeming him a generous prince. The king bluſhed at firſt with ſome anger to find his paſſion contradicted; but having conſulted reaſon, he grew aſhamed of his weakneſs. And he who had vanquiſhed the miramolin with glory, now more glorioufly over came himſelf, a nobler and more difficult victory. The king next determined to teſtify his love in a manner more becoming his name. He gave large fortunes to Roſalinda and Dolcereïna, and beſtowed them

in

in marriage on two noble perſonages rich and young, and in all reſpects worthy of their charms.— This as I ſaid was the ſubſtance of the novel, which when Meleſinda had done reading, we ſet forward for the city: where being arrived, Don de los Torres took leave of us till next morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN we were returned to our inn, we found ourſelves obliged to quit our rooms for others not ſo well furniſhed. Our hoſt made a thouſand excuſes, telling us that he could not avoid it, for the amirante of the galleons of Spain, a knight of St. Jago*, and titulado of Caſtile, was coming there with a grand retinue. I anſwered that he needed not be in any trouble about that matter; that it was fit he ſhould accommodate the amirante.

* The knights of St. Jago, patron of Spain, wear red croſſes on their cloaks in form of a ſword, enamelled on a golden ſcollop ſhell, which ſhell St. Jago's pilgrims alſo wear.

In

In a little time Don Valdoranos (for that was the amirante's name) appeared, being preceded by a band of muſic, which is uſual in Spain.

He alighted from his coach, and handed out a young lady of a ſingular appearance. Her complexion was of a fine olive, her eyes black and ſparkling, her hair ſhort and curling. She had ear-rings of pearl ſet in gold, and a large necklace of the ſame. Her dreſs was a cloſe habit of crimſon ſilk with ſtreight ſleeves: and ſhe had a cawl of gold and ſilk net-work on her head.

Don Valdoranos was conducted by our hoſt, (who was extremely talkative) with great ceremony into the apartment deſigned for his reception.

ception. He had not been there long before he enquired what company was in the houſe; and being informed that we were foreigners of diſtinction, travelling for pleaſure through Spain, he very politely came himſelf to invite us to ſup with him. Then taking Meleſinda by the hand he conducted her into his apartment, whither baron Swenitz and I followed, being glad of the invitation, as an honour, and as we expected to hear ſomething new from him.

The amirante was a tall ſwarthy man, of grave aſpect, but agreeable enough both in his countenance and perſon, and ſeemed about ſixty years of age. He received us with

frankneſs

frankneſs and dignity; and ſupper having been got ready againſt his arrival, was ſoon ſerved up in his own gilt plate, which he carried with him. We all ſate down to a long table covered with a fine ſilver fringed cloth of damaſked linen. Don Valdoranos took his place at the head of the table, with Meleſinda on his right hand, and the olive-complexioned young lady on his left. He was waited on by a perſonage with long black hair, and whoſe complexion was of a dark copper colour or bronze. On the back of a large elbow chair in which he ſate, was a little green monkey, mimicking the muſicians, who played at certain times during

our regale, which was elegant and well dreſſed, for the amirante had ſeveral cooks in his retinue, and proviſions of the beſt ſorts. Amongſt other rarities, we had ſome Ægyptian partridges very delicious. He told us, that he had been preſented with them alive by a Levant trader. They are of the ſize of the red partridge; their feathers reſemble thoſe of a guinea-hen, and their tail is like a ſwallow's, of a bright purple. They have an aromatic taſte, and a great deal of flavour.

After ſupper, the wines being ſet on the table, with fruits wet and dry, Meleſinda, whoſe curioſity had been excited as well as ours, by the novelty of the lady's perſon and

and garb, who was with the amirante, and had not yet ſpoke a word, addreſſed her in Spaniſh. But the olive-complexioned young lady made no anſwer, only ſhook her head and ſmiled, ſo that from her ſilence we conjectured ſhe could not ſpeak Spaniſh.

But the amirante, who had been employed in giving ſome fruit to his favourite the green monkey, perceiving Meleſinda had ſpoken to his companion, and the company attentive to her, who could make no reply, ſaid to us; This young woman underſtands little or no Spaniſh, and ſpeaks no language, but that of her own country, ſo that ſhe is incapable of anſwering any

thing

thing you may ſay to her; ſhe is an Indian whom I lately found on a deſolate iſland, and her rank and quality are greater than you would imagine.

This intimation raiſed our curioſity ſtill more and more to know who this Indian was; but no body choſe to aſk the queſtion, at that time, which ſeemed more proper for repoſing ourſelves, than hearing or relating an adventure. However our landlady being ſtill buſied in fitting up for us our new apartments, Meleſinda entreated the amirante to recount the hiſtory of the beautiful Indian. To this requeſt he anſwered, that he would willingly obey her commands, both

as

as the ſtory would not detain her long from her repoſe, and had ſomething uncommon in it, if not entertaining. After this preamble, we all drank a glaſs of almaran, and the amirante began in this manner.

The Hiſtory of the INDIAN MAID.

I am lately come from the Braſils. Being impatient to get to Spain for the ſervice of the king, which required my preſence; and having waited all the month of April, we ſailed in May towards the cape of Buona Eſperanza, with raging ſtorms: and though we ſaw ſigns thereof, yet we could not

imagine the tempeſt that was to follow.

We made a long run of almoſt two hundred leagues from Braſil, the ocean and the winds all the while raging. A fiery comet appeared continually to the tenth day with a fearful aſpect; and the ſea and heavens often changing; the black and foul clouds having gathered together in a round form, and the wind ſeeming to come all againſt us, as it were by reflexion: the ſea being faint in deceitful calms.

Our ſailors well knowing the tempeſts that uſed to rage there, did not offer to ſpread their ſails to gather the wind, but handed them

them immmediately. Preſently the wind broke from the clouds with a flaſh of lightening.* After its con-

* Perhaps this was a preſter wind, a ſtrong wind that breaks out with lightening and flame; or what the ſailors call the *Ox-eye*, being a cloud in appearance at firſt no bigger. Not far from the cape of Good Hope there is a high mountain, broad on the top like a table. When the ſky is clear and the ſea ſmooth, there is a little cloud ſeen on the top of this hill, which appears at firſt no larger than a hazel-nut, and then like a walnut, which the Dutch call the *Ox-eye*; and then covers the whole plain above, and the Dutch compare it to a table ſpread with all kinds of meat on it, from its different colours. Then the ſtorm begins to blow from the top of the mountain with ſuch force, as overwhelms all ſhips that are not on their guard, or have their ſails out.

This wind is thus deſcribed in Thomſon's Summer:

—— Amid the heav'ns
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye.
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs, &c.

tinuing ſome time, the billows roſe high, as it were to the ſtars, and again fell low to the bottom. It thundered and lightened prodigiouſly, and the ſea ſeemed all on fire* about us, for every wave that broke ſparkled like lightening. One ſea ſtruck away the rails of our

* The following query of Sir Iſaac Newton will perhaps give us the beſt notion of this appearance. "Do not, ſays he, all fixed bodies, when heated beyond a certain degree, emit light, and ſhine? And is not this emiſſion performed by the vibrating motions of their parts? And do not all bodies, which abound with terreſtrial parts, and eſpecially ſulphureous ones, emit light as often as thoſe parts are ſufficiently agitated, whether that agitation be made by heat, or by friction, or percuſſion, or putrefaction, or by any vital motion, or any other cauſe? As for inſtance; ſea-water in a raging ſtorm," &c.

Optics, page 314.

head; and our ſheet-anchor, which was ſtowed with one flook over the ſhip's gunal, and laſht very well down to the ſide, was violently waſhed off, and had like to have ſtruck a hole in our bow, as it lay beating againſt it. Then we were forced to put right before the wind to ſtow our anchor again, which we did with much ado. But afterwards we durſt not adventure to bring our ſhip to the wind again for fear of foundering, for the turning the ſhip either to or from the wind is dangerous in ſuch violent ſtorms. The fierceneſs of the weather continued until four o'clock that morning.

After four o'clock the thunder and the rain abated, and then we ſaw a corpos ſant, like a ſtar, at our main-top-maſt head, on the very top of the truck of the ſpindle. This ſight rejoiced us exceedingly; for the height of the ſtorm is commonly over when the corpos ſant is ſeen aloft; but when they are ſeen lying on the deck, it generally is accounted a bad ſign. Permit me, my lord, ſaid the counteſs, to enquire what you mean by a corpos ſant.

A corpos ſant, anſwered the amirante, is a certain ſmall glittering light. When it appears, as this did, on the very top of the main-maſt,

maſt, or at the yard-arm, it is like a ſtar*; but when it appears on the deck, it reſembles a great glow-worm. When our ſailors ſee them aloft, they preſently go to prayers and bleſs themſelves for the happy ſight.

The next morning was fine complexioned, when we found ourſelves near a ſmall iſland. It was a dead calm, not the leaſt wind to fill our ſails, ſo that we determined to caſt anchor. We immediately put out our boat and made to land in order to refreſh ourſelves.

* Philoſophers conſider this light as a natural phænomenon, and nothing more than an inflamed vapour or jelly; an opinion which I ſhall not conteſt; but only obſerve that the antients looked upon theſe fires as ſupernatural and divine.

The firſt thing we ſaw was ſeveral trees loaded with beautiful fruits, which bowed the branches to the ground. We obſerved, as is uſual, thoſe of which the birds had eat, and gathered them; and found they were of excellent taſte and flavour.

When we had refreſhed ourſelves a little, we tied our boat to a ſtake and went up into the iſland. I never ſaw a more agreeable place. It was full of aloes trees, and other fine wood, of all ſorts of fruit trees, of ſprings, and beauteous flowers. It is ſurpriſing that this iſland, though ſo commodious and pleaſant, is inhabited only by birds, hares, rabbits and wild goats. I imagine the ſmallneſs of it to be the reaſon,

for

for I don't know a more charming ſpot.

We ſpent the day in rejoicing that we had got ſafe to ſo delicious a place, and in walking up and down.

When the night came, we repoſed ourſelves on the graſs, which was enamelled with a thouſand flowers of the fineſt odour. We ſlept deliciouſly till morning. As the weather was ſtill calm, and not the leaſt wind, we reſolved to ſtay where we were a little longer: and after breakfaſt, I went with ſix of my companions to take a larger ſurvey of the iſland.

We entered a wood of limes, which had divers walks in it, as if formed

formed by art: we paſſed through ſeveral of them, and had got a great ways into the wood, when we heard the ſound as of a man cutting the branches of a tree. We went towards the ſound, and diſcovered an old man at work about an olive. He was ſo intent upon his labour, that we were already near him before he perceived us; but as ſoon as he ſaw us, he let fall the ax he had in his hand in the greateſt aſtoniſhment, for he knew me, though I did not recollect him at firſt, his dreſs was ſo ſtrange, and his face ſo altered. His beard was long, his face tanned to a bronze, and he had on a woman's jacket of blue ſilk and tarniſhed gold, and an old

old petticoat of crimſon ſattin. This figure came up to me, and with tranſport ſaid, Don Valdoranos, by what accident are you in this iſland? Do you not know Calimbra your old ſurgeon? Heavens! anſwered I, is it you! Who could have imagined to find you in ſuch a place, and in ſuch a dreſs? Is there any other perſon here beſides yourſelf? and by what adventure came you hither?

There is none here, he replied, beſide myſelf and a young Indian girl, who was ſaved by divine providence, together with me, from a ſhipwreck on the rocks upon the coaſt. The Indian girl's ſtory is this, which may raiſe your pity for her:

her: and ſhew you how the wrath of heaven ſometimes ſeverely lightens upon ingratitude. Theſe words raiſed our curioſity, and gathering about him we were all attention: when he gave us this brief relation.

It happened that in the courſe of a voyage to Mexico, a trading veſſel put into a creek, being in diſtreſs for want of proviſions. The Spaniards unadviſedly went a great diſtance from the ſea up into the country, and in their return were intercepted by an ambuſh of Indians, who killed the greater part of them. The captain of the veſſel, whoſe name was Cabron, eſcaped by flying into a foreſt. Having wandered a long time, he at length

arrived

arrived in the deep receſſes of the wood, and being tired and ſpent, he laid himſelf down to reſt under a tree; when ſuddenly an Indian maid, who had been hunting, came to the place where he was. She was dreſt in ſeveral beautiful coloured feathers, and had a quiver on her ſhoulder, and a bow in her hand. As Cabron could ſpeak the Indian tongue, he fell at her feet, made his diſtreſs known to her, and begged her protection. Cabron had a handſome perſon, and an engaging addreſs. Indora, (ſo the Indian girl is named) ſurveyed his perſon, admired his dreſs; took pity on him, and from pitying became enamoured with him, and

con-

conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation. She kept him ſecretly in a cave, which ſhe adorned for him with ſeveral precious things, for ſhe was of the rank of the princes of her country. She brought him all ſorts of proviſions of fruits and game, which ſhe took in hunting. They lived thus ſeveral months.

At length a veſſel appeared upon the coaſt, to which by Cabron's direction ſhe made a ſignal; and he perſuaded her to embark with him. The captain of this veſſel, in which I was bound for Spain, dealt in ſlaves. As ſuch people have generally no feelings but for gain, after hearing the Indian

wench's ſtory, he propoſed to Cabron to buy her of him. And what think ye? The generous Cabron ſold Indora to him for two hundred ſequins of gold, taking advantage of her beauty, and her being ſuppoſed to be pregnant, to raiſe his price. In the mean time we were overtaken by a ſtorm, and wrecked on this iſland. Not one eſcaped the waves but Indora and myſelf. We have been here theſe thirteen months, living upon the fruits, which we found very good. I ſet up ſignals on ſeveral parts of the iſland, which perhaps you have ſeen, or the late tempeſt has deſtroyed them. We got divers cheſts of things from the wreck,

which

which the waves brought aſhore; amongſt the reſt one cheſt of five and twenty thouſand double ducats of gold. Thus, my lord! you have our ſtory, and the adventure that brought me to this iſland.

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when we heard a ſweet voice in a neighbouring grove ſing theſe words in the Indian language.

SONG.

When thou wert weary, faint, diſtreſt,
I laid thy head upon my breaſt;
I nouriſh'd thee with food divine,
With plantain bread, with palm-tree wine;
With ſplendid furs adorn'd thy bow'r,
Perfum'd with ev'ry fragrant flow'r.

Theſe

Theſe arms which did thee ſoft infold,
Ah how could'ſt thou reſign for gold?
How could'ſt thou bear with grief to wound
This breaſt to thee ſo gentle found?

We went towards the voice, and ſaw the young Indian gathering fruits for her repaſt. She ſeemed at firſt afraid of us; but Calimbra letting her know who we were, and aſſuring her of kind treatment, ſhe took courage, and conſented to go with me to Spain.

Calimbra contented himſelf with one third of the cheſt of gold, and reſigned the reſt to her.

She has been with me at my ſeat, and I am going to carry her to court. I intend to have her proper-

ly inſtructed, and then baptized, as ſhe ardently deſires, from the little inſtruction I have been able to give her. And if a nephew of mine can like her, and ſhe him, I purpoſe to add to the ſum ſhe already has for her fortune, and ſee her married and ſettled to her ſatisfaction.

Here the amirante concluded: and as beauty has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body preſent was ſeized with an inclination to cheriſh and honour this charming Indian. We teſtified as much to the amirante, who explained our ſentiments to her. Upon which ſhe laid her hand on her breaſt,

and

and bowed her head, to ſignify her thanks.

In the mean time it grew late, and we all agreed to retire to our repoſe.

CHAP. IX.

NEXT morning, the knight being come, we ſet out in company with the amirante for Toledo. We arrived there, after a pleaſant journey, at evening. It was light enough to obſerve all the charms of the country.

We paſſed the Tagus over a very large and fine bridge, and ſoon after diſcovered Toledo, all ſurrounded with hills and rocks, which command it.

Toledo is the capital city of New Caſtile, and of all Spain; the ſeat of the ancient Gothic and Mooriſh kings. It is ſituated on a ſteep rock,

rock, at the the foot of which runs the river Tagus, the largeſt river of Spain, and celebrated for its golden ſand. The river encompaſſes the city on three ſides; the fourth is defended by an old wall and towers. It was in antient times a place of ſtrength, but not ſo at preſent, being commanded by ſeveral hills. There are many ſmall pleaſant houſes built amongſt thoſe hills, deſigned for the pleaſure of ſolitude and ſtudy. The archbiſhop of Toledo has one there, where he often goes.

The cathedral is the richeſt and moſt magnificent in Spain, and the archbiſhop's revenue is valued at eighty thouſand pounds a year.

He is primate of Spain, and great chancellor of Caſtile, and is proprietor of ſeventeen towns, beſides a great number of villages. The lands ſettled for the repair of the cathedral, are of the yearly value of twenty-five thouſand double piſtoles. As the city ſtands upon a rock, the unevenneſs of the ſituation in divers places, makes ſeveral deſcents and aſcents in it.

The church de los Reyez is large and beautiful, and all full of orange and pomgranate trees, jeſſamin and myrtles, that are very high. They are ſet in caſes, and formed into walks up to the high altar, whoſe ornaments are extraordinary rich: ſo that looking through all thoſe green

green boughs and the flowers of different colours, upon the ſhining gold, ſilver, embroïdery, and large wax tapers illuminated, which adorn the altar, it ſeems as if the rays of the ſun played before your eyes. There are alſo cages painted and gilt, and filled with nightingales and canary birds, and others, which make a delightful harmony.

The uſe of incenſe and perfumes in churches, ſo antient and ſo univerſally received in all nations and religions, was undoubtedly intended, as well as muſic, to chear us, and to rouſe and purify the ſenſes, the better to fit us for contemplation.

Our inn happened to be a very

good one, and the more agreeable as it ſtood a good ways from any other houſe, and had a good garden, and proſpect of the country, and the windings of the Tagus. Upon this account, with the amirante's conſent, who was in no haſte to get to Madrid, we ſtayed a day longer at Toledo, in order to ſee a company of actors, whom the knight told us were excellent. The theatre was grand, and the decorations magnificent.

The ſubject of the tragedy was the life and death of King Pedro the Cruel; for in Spain, ſome of the dramatic writers have little regard to time or place.

Pedro, ſurnamed the Cruel, was king

king of Caſtile. His father Alphonſo XI. had ſeveral natural children by his miſtreſs, the beautiful Eleonora de Guſman. Pedro, when he came to the crown, perfidiouſly put to death Eleonara de Guſman at Talavara. He cauſed Garcelaſſo de la Vega to be ponyarded in the royal palace at Burgos, whither he had invited him. His own brother Don Frederiquez, and his couſin Don Juan of Arragon, were alſo ponyarded in his preſence. He put to death his own aunt the queen of Arragon, as alſo his own queen Donna Bianca, the moſt beautiful princeſs of her time, and of the moſt amiable character.

Theſe and ſeveral other cruelties, too many to mention, kindled the flames of a civil war. The barbarous king at firſt proved victorious; at laſt Henriquez de Tranſtamar, one of the ſons of Eleonora de Guſman, a prince noble and valiant, juſtly thinking Pedro unworthy to reign, cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed king of Caſtile. Pedro applied to Edward the Black prince, who was ſovereign in Guienne. Edward eſpouſed the tyrant's ſide, and marched to his aſſiſtance. Soon after was fought, on the banks of the Ebro, that bloody battle, which is called by that name, between Tranſtamar on one ſide, and king Pedro and the

the Black prince on the other. Part of Tranſtamar's army having revolted to the Black prince, King Pedro gained the victory. The ſon of Eleonora de Guſman was obliged to fly into Arragon: and Pedro was reſettled in his throne.

As ſoon as the Black prince was withdrawn, the valiant Tranſtamar appeared again at the head of an army, compoſed of Arragonians and Caſtilians. Prince Tranſtamar gained a compleat victory over King Pedro, who was killed in the fight, and his crown and ſignet were preſented to Tranſtamar.

In this place was an interlude of martial muſic with a grand ſymphony of voices, that ſung the

praiſes

praiſes of the valiant prince Tranſtamar.

After this, was the moſt magnificent ſcene of all. An aſſembly of the ſtates and people was called in a grand piazza, where Tranſtamar appeared, ſeated in a large gilt balcony; the crown was put on his head. Then the grand juſticiary of the kingdom addreſſed the king in the name of the ſtates, in theſe words: "Nos, que valemos tanto como vos, os hazemos nueſtro rey y ſenor; con tal que guardeis nueſtros fueros, ſi no, no." "We, who are equal with yourſelf, do conſtitute you our king, on condition that you maintain the privileges; otherwiſe not."

Then

Then Tranſtamar got up, and ſpoke in this manner to the aſſembly: "Grandees, and people of Caſtile, I have delivered you from the tyranny of King Pedro: you have a right to create your kings: when you give the crown to any one, he ought to maintain your privileges, otherwiſe you are no longer bound to obey him. I hold the crown from you, you may take it back and give it to another, who will make you more happy than I; ſhew me that man, and I ſhall immediately deſcend from the throne and reſign it to him.

Tranſtamar by this harangue, ſolidly eſtabliſhed his authority: and

and he was conjured to remain on the throne.

From this prince deſcended the kings of Caſtile, who afterwards reigned in Spain, till the ſceptre of that kingdom was transferred to the houſe of Auſtria. Hiſtorians tell us that he was loved by the Spaniards, whom he governed with mildneſs and moderation. In a word, he was an happy king: he had no dark diſtruſts of thoſe about him; but taſted that generous confidence in the friendſhip of men, which is the ſweeteſt charm of life.

This tragedy, though not written according to the rules, had great excellencies. I obſerved this to Don

Don de los Torres, who made this anſwer: When any piece ſtrongly affects you, and raiſes noble, exalted ſentiments, never go about to examine it by the rules of compoſition; thoſe emotions are the beſt proofs that it comes from a maſterly hand.

After this we went home to our lodging, where we paſſed our evening agreeably at ombre and primero with the amirante; and then withdrew to our apartments.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

WE ſlept very ſoundly till the ſun had changed the roſy colour of Aurora to gold; when we were awakened by loud vociferations and laughter at the inn gate. I looked out and ſaw our hoſt, Boracchione, in diſcourſe with a young man in a rich ſilk night gown and embroidered ſlippers; and half a dozen perſons had got about them, all laughing immoderately.

As ſoon as we were dreſt, we went into an arbour to breakfaſt, where we found Don Valdoranos already ſeated. We ſent for our hoſt, being deſirous to know who the

the young man was whom I had ſeen in the embroidered ſlippers and night-gown, and what cauſed ſo much laughter. Boracchione came, and being told what we deſired, gave us the following account in his way, beginning thus:—

As the ſtars, my lord, when the ſky is ſerene, are the ornament of heaven, and as flowers in the ſpring are the beauty of meadows, ſuch is an eloquent manner of ſpeaking, and a pleaſant diſcourſe ſet off and embelliſhed with elegant expreſſions: which being ſhort is the better, inſomuch as many words are like leaves; which, when fewer would ſerve the purpoſe, are moſt diſagreeable, as the fruit, whatever

there be amongſt them, is almoſt loſt, and difficult to be perceived and taſted.

After this elegant preamble, he proceeded to his ſtory.

Andrante of Burgos, a young trader, having heard of ſilks and brocades to be ſold at Toledo, put three hundred golden ducats in his purſe, and having never been from home before, ſet out for this city, where he arrived in the evening.

The next morning he went to the place of ſale, where he ſaw many fine pieces of ſilk to his mind, and now and then cheapened their prices, as he went up and down, without coming to any bargain. But to ſhew people that he came with

with an intent to buy, he on all occaſions pulled out his purſe of gold. It happened that a certain damſel, who, it ſeems, calls herſelf Alexandra, got ſight of it, and was pleaſed with its luſtre. She found means to inform herſelf of his buſineſs, his name, and relations; and about evening ſent a young woman to him, who found him ſitting alone under ſome trees at my gate. She aſked if he was named Andrante; and he anſwering in the affirmative, ſhe took him aſide, and told him that a young lady would gladly ſpeak with him.

The Burgoſan, ſeeing the girl dreſt in velvet with ſlaſhed ſleeves, and to have an innocent look, pre-

ſently fancied, as I imagine, that the lady muſt be in love with him. In this imagination he followed the damſel to a fine houſe, where they went in.

In a little time the lady, being advertiſed of his arrival, appeared at the top of a ſtair-caſe of green marble, that had a gilt balluſter. She was in appearance about eighteen years of age, very beautiful, and richly dreſt.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw Andrante, ſhe ran down two or three ſteps with open arms to meet him, and welcomed him with the greateſt tranſport.

The Burgoſan, quite aſtoniſhed at being careſſed in ſuch a manner,

could

could only ſay, that he was proud of the honour of waiting upon her. The ſignora then took him by the hand, and without ſaying a word more, led him through a large dining room into her own chamber, which was perfumed with roſes, orange-flowers, and other coſtly odours; where was alſo a fine bed, adorned with gold galoon, and other rich furniture, which convinced him ſhe was ſome great lady.

They ſate down together on a ſopha. Then after ſome preface, ſhe told him a long plauſible ſtory, wherein ſhe made it appear as clear as the light, that ſhe was his ſiſter, by an amour which his father had with a rich widow of Valentia;

and ſaid that ſhe was married to Don Valentin, a perſon of great diſtinction at Toledo, who, ſhe hoped, would ſoon be at home. After this ſhe enquired of all their relations by name. Andrante hearing a fable ſo well ordered, and related without the leaſt heſitation, and not a little pleaſed with the endearments of ſo young and charming a creature, did not in the leaſt doubt of the truth of what ſhe averred. Whence he made anſwer, that he thought himſelf happy in having found a ſiſter ſo amiable, and that perſons of the higheſt rank and fortune might be proud to have one adorned with ſuch accompliſhments.

In the mean time Don Valentin arrived, to whom Alexandra having made known her brother, the ſignor loaded him with civilities and compliments.

An elegant ſupper was ſerved up, with excellent wines. The entertainment was joyous. Andrante and his new brother drank freely till midnight. Alexandra would not ſuffer him to depart, but ordered an apartment for him. He was conducted thither, and a fine night-gown and embroidered ſlippers were laid ready for his uſe. He went to bed and ſlept ſoundly; but when he awaked in the morning he could not ſee his cloaths,

in which was his purſe of three hundred ducats of gold. Upon enquiry he found the houſe he was in was not his ſiſter Alexandra's, but ready furniſhed lodgings: and the perſon who looked after them told him, that the lady he ſupped with was gone away before it was light. He was now convinced too late of the treachery of his charming ſiſter, and came away in the ſilk night-gown and embroidered ſlippers, for which he had paid three hundred ducats of gold.

Here our hoſt made an end, and ſeemed highly diverted. But Don Valdoranos ſaid to us, as in wonder, Is it poſſible ſo many charms of beauty

beauty and youth ſhould hide ſo much fraud and diſſimulation?

With that we all got up, and went to view the ſeveral ſcenes about the city.

CHAP. XI.

WE ſet out at night in the fineſt weather for Aranjuez, in the amirante's voiture, which held ſix conveniently. The night reſembled that in which a poet makes a loving lady breathe forth her ſoft plaints.

Inveſted in her ſtarry vail, the night
O'er the blue vault had ſpread her ſilver light;
The riſing moon refulgent beam'd around,
Sprinkling with vivid pearl the glitt'ring ground,
Faſt as the heav'ns emit their radiant beams,
So faſt th' enamour'd virgin breathes her flames,
And of her antient love the ſecret yields
To thoſe mute valleys, and thoſe ſilent fields.

Don

Don Valdoranos entertained us on the way with three or four concerts of muſic at ſeveral ſtations, where we reſted the mules.

My lord, ſaid Meleſinda to him, your travelling in Spain with muſic is very delightful, eſpecially thus in the ſtillneſs of the night; methinks I am wandering on fairy ground.

In ſilent night, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirits to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the wood.

Theſe verſes, which ſhe had put into very good Spaniſh, brought on a diſ-

a diſcourſe concerning the excellency of muſic.

Muſic, anſwered the knight of Calatrava, is a kind of food and repaſt of the ſoul; a ſweet refreſhment of the mind. Plato commanded that children ſhould be taught muſic. The antients uſed it in battle, even lutes and inſtruments of ſofteſt ſound. They celebrated it as a thing ſacred and divine. They believed that our ſoul is harmony, and that it liſtens and knows its power as often as it hears muſic, as a nature ſimilar to itſelf.

They held alſo, that the movements of the ſtarry ſpheres compoſed a concert. Man in his firſt eſtate

eſtate had his ears delighted with that celeſtial harmony; but our hearing is now too obſtructed for that heavenly muſic.

Muſic among thoſe, who were ſtiled the choſen people, was a religious art. The ſongs of Sion, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the courts of the Eaſtern kings, were nothing elſe but hymns, that celebrated the Creator of the univerſe. How does our grand and ſolemn church muſic, ſaid the counteſs Meleſinda, raiſe our devotion into rapture! It makes us reſemble the angels and ſaints above.

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their ſide

Like

Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
The ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high.

What you ſay, anſwered the knight, is extremely juſt. And we learn from Homer, that muſic was conſtantly made uſe of in the courts of all the oriental princes at their feaſts. Solomon tells us, that he ſought out ſinging men and ſinging women to entertain him at the time of feaſting. Homer introduces his muſician Demodocus as a perſon of great diſtinction. He places him on a throne ſtudded with ſilver, and gives him an herald for his attendant; nor is he leſs careful to provide for his entertainment: he has

a par-

a particular table, and a capacious golden bowl ſet before him full of fragrant wine, to drink as often as he had a mind.

A great and wiſe oriental*, ſaid the counteſs Meleſinda, compares muſic at repaſts to an emerald ſet in gold. In the divine writings, the voice of melody, feaſting and dancing, are uſed to expreſs the happineſs of a nation. He muſt be a rigid cenſor indeed, who blames ſuch pleaſures as theſe, which, when moderate, have nothing in them contrary to virtue; eſpecially as they bear a beautiful oppoſition to

* As a ſignet of an emerald ſet in a work of gold, ſo is the melody of muſic with pleaſant wine.

all

all the horrors of that auſterity, which affrights us from being enamoured with the charms of virtue, by making it look with ſo diſmal an appearance. Thus Meleſinda, like a true cittern.—When ſhe had done ſpeaking, There is nothing, replied the knight, more gay and pleaſant, as you have hinted, fair counteſs, than true virtue. The mind of the virtuous is in ſuch a ſound ſtate, that it will alſo contribute to the health of the body. It makes its brightneſs and tranquillity ſhine ſo as to be diſcerned outwardly. Its ſtate is like that of things, as the antients imagined, in the regions above the moon, always ſerene. Virtue is not ſi-

tuated upon the ſummit of a ſteep, rugged, and inacceſſible hill; for ſuch as have approached it have found it, on the contrary, to be ſeated in a fair, fruitful, and flouriſhing plain, from whence it has a clear view of all things below it. To which place any one may arrive if he knows the beſt way, through ſhady, verdant, and ſweetly flouriſhing walks, by a pleaſant and gentle aſcent, like that of the celeſtial arches.

Virtue knows how to be rich, and powerful, and learned, and to lie upon perfumed quilts. It loves life, beauty, health, and honour: but its proper and peculiar office is

to know how to uſe thoſ
regularly, and how, to
them without concern.

Dionyſius the tyran
Plato a robe of the Perſi
long, damaſked, and
Plato refuſed it, ſaying
being born a man, he
willingly dreſs himſelf
man's garment." But
accepted it, with thi
"That no dreſs could co
tuous heart." Did not Pl
muſicians from his comm
ſaid the counteſs: I thi
read ſo ſomewhere. H
from any ſuch intention,
the knight. He was or
niſhing ſuch harmony as

to pleaſe the ear, and render the mind ſoft and effeminate, and which neither calms the paſſions, nor fills the mind with tender or noble conceptions.

But Plato was a great encourager of that ſort of muſic, which was adapted to inſpire the mind with fortitude and noble thoughts. He would not indeed permit in his republic ſuch effeminate notes of muſic, as the Lydians uſed; but recommended ſuch as inflamed the ſoul with a divine enthuſiaſm, with love of glory, of liberty, and of our native country: and inſpired a contempt of death, riches, and effeminate pleaſures. As he was of opinion, that ſevere treatment dulls

and ſtupifies good diſpoſitions, he in his laws is wonderfully careful about the gaiety and paſtimes of youth. He expatiates upon the races, games, ſongs, vaulting, dancing, of which, he ſays, the antients gave the conduct and patronage to the gods, Apollo and Minerva, and the divine muſes.

For my part, added the knight, I would have in our colleges the pictures of Joy and Gladneſs, together with thoſe of Flora and the Graces, as the philoſopher * Speuſippus had in his; that where the youths profit is, *there* might be their pleaſure.

* Diog. Laert. life of Speuſippus. l. 4. ſect. 1.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

IN ſuch diſcourſe we beguiled the way till we arrived at Aranjuez. We ſaw already in the eaſt a moſt beautiful Aurora, bluſhing like roſes. All the ſtars were retired, except Venus, which guards the confines of the night, and from whence ſeemed to come a fragrant breeze, which filled the air with balmy ſweets, and whiſpered the choriſters of the groves to awake and renew their ſongs.

At Aranjuez, the avenues are ſo long, that even from the middle, one cannot ſee the end of them. Several fine walks of ſhining yellow

gravel terminate in theſe, and form the figure of ſtars. The Tagus and Xamora encompaſs the iſland where Aranjuez ſtands. At our coming into the gardens, we fancied ourſelves in the gardens of Alcinous, or of queen Armida. The morning was cool, on all ſides the birds made a ſweet melody, and the waters a pleaſing murmur. The trees and hedges were loaden with excellent fruits, and the parterres covered with moſt odoriferous flowers.

The place was ſo delicious, that we determined to ſpend a day or two in it. When the ſun had dried up the dew, we breakfaſted on a green plat ſurrounded with a grove,

grove, whoſe trees were large and crowned with thick foliage, amongſt which were a number of nightingales.

The counteſs Meleſinda was obſerving to us theſe beauties, when, I ſaid, There are other beauties here, which you have not named. What do you mean, ſaid ſhe, thoſe ſtatues that are before us there? For my part, I don't like them at all. That firſt one has a very odd appearance. It repreſents a faun, I replied; the fauns were a ſort of woodland deities. They were partly of the ſatyr kind. They had ſomething of the ferine nature, as you ſee by their tails, little gilt horns, and pointed ears; but were

not ſo horrid and ſavage as the ſatyrs. I like neither of them, anſwered Meleſinda; they ſhall not come into my garden. Well, ſaid I ſmiling, how do you like that other ſtatue? Extreamly, ſaid ſhe; I fancy it is my favourite Pomona. In one hand ſhe holds the horn of abundance, filled with the various rich fruits of autumn. In the other hand ſhe holds a golden urn, from which pieces of gold fall promiſcuouſly. So that at the ſame time, ſhe holds the fruits of the earth, the riches of nature, and thoſe treaſures on which mankind ſet ſo great a value. Upon my word, Meleſinda, ſaid I, you talk very learnedly concerning this your favourite nymph. But

you

you can't tell me the reaſon why her head is a little inclined. Yes, I can, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, it is becauſe all ſtatues that are placed at any height, to be viewed by people ſtanding under them, are ſet in the faireſt point of light, when they are inclined towards the ſpectator. Perceiving I was going to ſpeak, Hold, ſaid ſhe, I have not yet done with this ſtatue; it always charms me. Pomona's hair you ſee is parted before, and with a beautiful, eaſy, negligent grace, part hangs in natural ringlets of gold, we will imagine; the reſt is bound behind her neck. Her gown ſits with the ſame negligent air. A rich girdle binds it up, that ſhe may walk with

greater

greater freedom in the groves. It is full of folds, a more agreeable drapery than the modern ſtrait dreſſes. The workman's hand ſeems to have ſoftened the marble, to make the folds appear the more fine and elegant. Under that drapery you behold ſome parts naked, ſo that at the ſame time you ſee the ſoftneſs of the nymph's form, and the variety of her veſture's folds.

The amirante hearing her ſpeak in this ſtile, ſtood in admiration, and politely confeſſed that ſhe had informed him of what he never knew before: at the ſame time taking off a fine large ruby, which he had on his little finger, he begged my leave to preſent it to her;

her; which he did ſmiling, and ſaying, that he deſired her to accept it for the inſtruction ſhe had given him. He added likewiſe, that there was a ſtrange property in that ruby, for when any thing troubleſome was to happen to him, its luſtre faded, and that when any thing agreeable was to arrive, it then ſhone with an uncommon luſtre*, as it had done all the morning before he met with her. This gallant compliment of the old ami-

* As to gems changing ſometimes their colour, Mr. Boyle obſerved the ſpots in a turcoiſe to ſhift their place from one part to another by gentle degrees. So did the cloud in a piece of agate. A diamond he wore on his finger, he obſerved like this ruby, to be more illuſtrious at ſome times than others.

See Boyle, Of abſolute reſt in bodies.

rante

rante was received by Meleſinda as it ought, though not without a bluſh. She took the ring and put it on her finger with reſpectful acknowledgments.

After examining ſome other fine ſtatues, a queſtion aroſe amongſt us, whether ſtatuary excelled painting. The braſs or marble, ſaid baron Swenitz, expreſſes the contour of the limbs, their length, thickneſs, ſlenderneſs; in ſhort, all their dimenſions may be ſeen in ſtatues, but not in paintings, in which there is only a ſuperficies, lineaments, and a fine fucus and fallacy of colour. Grant you, replied the knight, that ſtatues bear the effigies of living things, in as much

as

as they are rounder, and pictures appear only as things merely ſuperficial; yet they have in them ſeveral things, which ſtatues have not. For the painter naturally expreſſes light and ſhades, chiaro oſcuro, as alſo what is ſerene, thick and denſe, more or leſs as the ſubject requires; which a ſtatuary can by no means do. And though painting is not capable of roundneſs of figure, in the manner as ſtatuary, yet does it ſo curiouſly circumvolve the limbs and muſcles, that they may wonderfully bear proportion with thoſe parts, which we do not ſee, and give us juſt cauſe to pronounce the painter admirably ſkilled in his art. And as he forms with

great

great artifice the members, either fore-ſhortened, or ſometimes protracted by a juſt ſymmetry, as he pleaſes, he ſtands in need of another, and much nobler ſcience; I mean, that of perſpective, which moſt juſtly exhibits to our view, by lines, meaſures, lights and ſhades, even the plain ſuperficies, diſtance, height of the loftieſt wall.

How excellent is it to expreſs diſtinctly things in their lively colours, carnation, veſtures of all kinds of ſtuff and form, and all other coloured things whatſoever, to the life. This a ſtatuary cannot do; nor knows he how either to compoſe a beautiful aſpect of complexion, or the blue or black eye,

eye, ſparkling with lively rays. No golden treſſes; no glittering of arms; no dark nights, ſea tempeſts, lightenings or thunder-bolts; no cities on flames, nor the roſy purple light of the morning; in ſhort, neither the heavens, ſea, nor earth; mountains, woods, nor rivers; cottages, nor princely towers; gardens, nor flowery meadows; all which the painter ſeems eaſily to accompliſh.

It is true, ſaid the amirante, painting is an excellent art; and whoſoever has not a taſte for it, ſeems to have no taſte for what is admirable. What is the whole univerſe but one great picture? What the earth ſurrounded by the ocean,

ocean, diſtributed into ſeveral parts, adorned with hills, rivers, valleys, trees, gráſs and flowers, but an immenſe and noble picture, adorned with the moſt beautiful colours? But as compariſons are odious, and as ſtatuary and painting are ſiſter arts, and have each their ſeveral beauties and excellencies, let us decide nothing, but content ourſelves with admiring them.

We all acquieſced in the amirante's opinion; and getting up from the place where we ſate, we walked about the gardens, till the time of dinner drew near.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

IN a ground room, by order of the amirante, a table was ſet out, with fineſt linen fringed with gold thread. The ſide-board was covered with cryſtal glaſſes, that reflected a luſtre like ſilver.

The diſhes were ſerved up in the moſt elegant manner. I muſt not omit to tell you, that all round about Aranjuez the air is perfumed with wild thyme, and other ſweet herbs, which grow all over thoſe fields or heaths. This makes the rabbits, deer, and all ſorts of game that feed upon them, ſo excellent there. Our olla, veniſon, and civés

were ſo delicious, that Swenitz and I began to envy the amirante his cook, who had dreſt them. In the mean time, the Braſilian perpetually filled our glaſſes to the brim with wine of the moſt exquiſite flavour and taſte; inſomuch that we were obliged to let them ſtand filled to prevent his renewing his attendance. In a word, we were all pleaſed with our entertainment, which paſt with all the chearfulneſs and gaiety imaginable.

As the ſun was yet high, and the heat exceſſive, and nothing to be heard but the chirping of graſs-hoppers among the olives, we thought it moſt adviſeable to take

take a ſieſta*. Accordingly we withdrew to our ſeveral apartments.

After about two hours reſt, we aroſe and went all into the garden, where we ſpent ſome time in walking and enjoying the charms of the place. When as we paſſed by the ſide of a grove of pomegranate trees, we were ſuddenly ſurpriſed with a ſound in the grove, like the claſhing of ſwords. We haſtened into the little wood, and ſoon diſcovered two young gentlemen very hotly engaged with their ſwords, that lightened under the ſhade of the trees. They ſeemed both of rank: the

* Sieſta literally ſignifies the heat of the day, from noon forwards; but is uſed to expreſs an afternoon's nap, enjoyed generally every day in Spain.

one was in blue velvet embroidered: the other in carnation and gold brocade; his ſtockings were carnation, his ſhoes white, and the garters at his knees gold-fringe. They did not ſeem either of them to be above eighteen years of age, and were both agreeable figures.

Don Valdoranos, baron Swenitz, and myſelf, immediately went up to them and parted them. Then the amirante, with an air of dignity and tone of authority, demanded how they had preſumed to draw their ſwords in the royal gardens?—Don Valdoranos, anſwered one of the young cavaliers, we both know you. I am glad fortune has led you here to decide our difference.

My

My name is Don Fernando de Coſmonte; my adverſary is called Don Matteo de Silva; we are near relations, and were lately friends, till love divided us: for we both love the ſame lady, Donna Dalinda de Guebrien. She has always ſlighted our addreſſes, and notwithſtanding all the tender ſentiments and entertainments, which love could ſuggeſt to win her, that inſenſible beauty never would ſhew us more kind treatment. As for me, I deſigned to love her ſtill on, in ſpite of her indifference; but my couſin, inſtead of taking the ſame reſolution, meeting me here by chance, challenged me to fight, or inſiſted that I ſhould renounce all preten-

ſions to Dalinda's charms.—It is true, interrupted Don de Silva, I concluded that if I had no rival in my couſin, the lady would look on me: he alone oppoſes my felicity. To this Don Valdoranos replied, that they took a very wrong method to win the lady Dalinda, if he knew her well: that ſhe would look upon their combat as a diſhonour to her; that it would be more worthy the names they bore, to conquer their paſſion, or at leaſt leave the choice of a huſband to the lady Dalinda herſelf; and in the mean time to be reconciled to each other. After ſome more diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe, he invited them both to partake of our collation,

tion, which we ſaw already coming towards us.

The reſpect they had for the age and dignity of the amirante, together with his reaſons, calmed a little theſe young lovers. They thanked him for his courteſy, and ſaid, they were ready to attend him. We went to a pleaſant ſpot by the ſide of the pomegranate trees, and ſate down in a circle on the flowery verdure, which was watered by a cryſtal ſpring. After eating ſome dried figs and other fruits, and drinking a glaſs of excellent wine, of which the amirante made the young gentlemen drink with the company three or four times—I am very glad, ſaid he, that I ſhould

happen to come ſo opportunely to prevent the bad conſequences of your conteſt. Love is a ſtrange paſſion: the ſtage is more beholding to it than the life of man: it reſembles ſometimes a ſiren, ſometimes a fury. We ought therefore to be ever in guard againſt its too frequently dangerous ſweets. You ſee it has ſeparated you, who are near relations, and once were intimate friends. Shall love break ſuch golden ties? Permit me to relate to you, my young gentlemen, an hiſtory, which bears ſome reſemblance to your caſe; and in which you will ſee the excellent power of friendſhip; and what a good reſolution will do in conquering

ing love, when there is a ſincere deſire to gain the victory. Don Fernando and Don de Silva both expreſſed their obligation for the honour he did them: and the old amirante perceiving us all very attentive, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Hiſtory of

DON CLEON DE ALTAMIRA,

AND

DON FERNANDO DE MELON.

AT the time, when Charles, afterwards emperor, was diſputing for the crown of Spain with the duke of Anjou, there dwelt in Catalonia a gentleman, called Don Moſcoſo de Altamira, who having a ſon named Cleon de Altamira, a youth of fine parts and learning, ſent him to Leon to ſtudy

ſtudy philoſophy, recommending him to a nobleman there, called Don Gabriel de Melon, who was his old friend. This nobleman, inſtead of putting him to the univerſity, kept him in his own houſe as a companion to his ſon, named Ferdinando de Melon, and they were both conſigned to the tuition of a philoſopher, whoſe name was Bertonel.

Being thus brought up together, their inclinations and tempers were ſo conformable, that a brotherly affection and ſtrict friendſhip ſprung up between them, nor had they either happineſs or ſatisfaction but in each other's company. As they had both an excellent under-

ſtanding,

derſtanding, they became eminent in their ſtudies, to the great joy of Don Gabriel de Melon, who ſeemed to have the ſame eſteem and love for both.

In a little time old De Melon, being now very ancient, died: at which both youths expreſſed an equal concern, nor could it be well ſaid, which was moſt diſconſolate. In a few months afterwards, the relations of young De Melon came to ſee him, and endeavoured to conſole him and his friend. They propoſed to Don Ferdinand to marry, and recommended to him a young lady of great beauty and accompliſhments, about ſixteen years of age.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand conſented to what they deſired of him, and after two or three viſits to Donna Silviana, for that was the young lady's name, he perſuaded his friend Cleon to go one day with him to viſit her.

Cleon being introduced to her, while they converſed together, viewed her charms with much attention, as conſidering her the beautiful object that was to be his friend's happineſs. But alas! he was in another viſit or two ſo taken with her excellent beauty of perſon, and qualifications of mind, that he became himſelf enamoured with her to the moſt violent degree of paſſion. Notwithſtanding which, he kept his flame concealed, nor gave the

the leaſt ſign of it. But the flame of love, when confined, the more it burns. When in ſolitude he thought on Silviana's charms, the more he became in love.

Recollecting himſelf at laſt, after many paſſionate ſighs, he broke out to this effect: Unhappy Cleon! on whom haſt thou fixt thy affection? Ought not the favours thou haſt received from Don Ferdinand and his family, as well as the ties of moſt entire friendſhip ſubſiſting between you, make you think no more of Silviana? Let reaſon overcome this paſſion, and direct thy eyes to ſome other lady. Extinguiſh the ſparks of this love,

before

before they become a flame too mighty for thee to quench.

Then reflecting on Silviana's perfections, and renouncing his former reaſonings; The laws of love, ſaid he, are of greater force than any other. The ſtricteſt bands of friendſhip love ſcruples not to break. I am in my prime, love's ſeaſon. Let older people ſtudy what is honourable. I can *will* nothing but to love. *This* Silviana's beauty commands from every one. How am I then to blame?

Thus he argued differently with himſelf, not one day, and one night only, but ſeveral, till the ſtruggle between his friendſhip and his

his love cauſed him to fall ſick, and he was forced to keep his chamber.

Don Ferdinand had obſerved him, for ſome time, to be penſive, and to affect ſolitude; and now ſeeing him fall ſick, was extreamly grieved, and ſought by all manner of means to comfort him, preſſing earneſtly to know the cauſe of his grief. To which he returned frivolous anſwers far from the truth, and which Don Ferdinand plainly ſaw to be ſuch. As he ſtill continued urgent to know the real cauſe, Cleon, compelled, as it were, at length to ſpeak, began with ſighs and tears to tell him the whole cauſe of his uneaſineſs and conflict with

with himſelf, as alſo which way the victory inclined, owning his extream paſſion for Silviana, and declaring, upon account of its diſhonourableneſs, his reſolution to extinguiſh his flame with his death, which he hoped would ſoon happen.

Don Ferdinand hearing this diſcourſe, and ſeeing his trouble, and the violence of his love, ſtood ſome time in ſuſpence, as having a love for Silviana, though in a more moderate degree. But at length his friend's life was preferred, and ſympathiſing with him, he ſaid; Cleon, was it not that you ſtand more in need of comfort, I ſhould upbraid you for a breach of friendſhip, in keeping your paſſion ſo

long a ſecret. Admitting it to be diſhonourable, yet ought it no more to be concealed than if it was otherwiſe; for if it be the part of a friend to rejoice at what redounds to his friend's credit, it is no leſs ſo to attempt to drive from that friend's heart, what he judges contrary to honour.

But to leave this ſubject, and come to that, whereof you ſtand moſt in need. If you are ſo paſſionately in love with Silviana, I am not at all ſurpriſed at it; but ſhould wonder rather if it was otherwiſe, conſidering her extraordinary beauty, and the generoſity of your ſoul, ſo much the more ſuſceptible of love, in proportion to the excellency of

the object. Reſume your former chearfulneſs and health, and from this hour expect the reward and completion of your love, far more deſerving of Silviana than mine. I ſhall think no more of addreſſing her. I know the force of love, and your life is more dear to me than any thing elſe. Poſſeſs Silviana with all her charms. Time and abſence will baniſh the idea of her beauty from my breaſt, at leaſt extinguiſh a paſſion, not ſo ſtrong as yours. I can eaſily find another wife, but ſuch a friend, perhaps never.

Cleon, who had a heart full of ſweetneſs and generoſity, being loth to be out-done in nobleneſs of ſen-

timent, felt a ſtruggle of paſſions not to be expreſſed. Violent love for Silviana, honour, friendſhip, altogether took poſſeſſion of his heart: and he thus replied: De Melon, your ſincere and generous friendſhip points out to me what on my part ought to be done. Can you renounce the poſſeſſion of ſo many charms for my ſake, and I not be moved with ſo noble a proceeding? No: addreſs Silviana ſtill. Far from hating you, I feel my friendſhip for you increaſing every moment. The ſtars have deſtined her to be your wife, who ſaw and loved her beauty, before I was ſurpriſed with its luſtre. This generous conteſt laſted a long time.—

But

But to draw to a concluſion. Though Cleon was aſhamed to give his conſent, yet love, and his friend's importunities prevailed at length. Don Moſcoſo viſited Silviana no more. While Cleon by his aſſiduity, engaging perſon, and winning behaviour, gained her affections, to the mutual ſatisfaction of all three. For Don de Melon having overcome his paſſion for Silviana by force of friendſhip and abſence, married his friend's ſiſter Donna Florinda, an agreeable young lady, and both friends living near one another, every day added ſomething, if poſſible, to their felicity.

A moſt ſacred thing therefore is friendſhip; productive of magnificence

ficence and honour, gratitude and nobleſt beneficence; profeſſed enemy of inſincerity, and avarice of gold. The divine effects of it, I grant, are hardly to be met with, yet they are ſtill to be found, as you ſee, in the ſublime nature of man. Suppoſing therefore, my young lords, that you were not relations, yet think that you have been friends, and that the ſacred obligations of true friendſhip ought to ſerve inſtead of all degrees of affinity.

Here Don Valdoranos made an end. We were extreamly delighted with his noble and excellent hiſtory; as alſo with his dignity and grace in relating it. But it made ſuch an impreſſion on Don Fernand,

and

and Don de Silva, that they roſe up, as with one accord, and each of them taking a hand of the old amirante, ardently returned him thanks, not without tears. I conſent, my lord, ſaid Don Fernand, ſtill graſping his hand, and ſwear by all that is ſacred, to acquieſce in Dalinda's choice, whether ſhe determines in favour of me, or of my couſin.—And as for me, ſaid Don de Silva in his turn, I call the ſtars to witneſs, that if Dalinda does not pronounce in my favour, I will remove far diſtant from her charms; and if I cannot forget her, at leaſt will never ſee her more. There remains then only, ſaid the amirante, that you embrace one another in token

of

of your reconciliation; which they immediately did with much tenderneſs, and ſeeming cordiality.

This affair ſo happily ended, we all returned to the palace, where we paſſed the evening together with great feſtivity. And Don Fernand and Don de Silva would attend the amirante to Madrid the next morning.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.